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Scott, Thos

PHILOMYTHIE
or
PHILOMYTHOLOGIE

wherein
Outlandish Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, are taught to Speake true English plainely.

By Tho: Scot Gent.

Philomithus est aliquo modo philosophus: fabula enim ex miris constituitur.
Arist.

LONDON
for Francis Constable at the white Lyon in Paules Churchyard.
1616.

SARCASMOS MVNDO, OR the Frontiſpice explaned.

HOw apt is Man to erre? Antiquitie
Thinkes it ſees right, and yet ſees all awry.
Our ſight is impotent, the helpe we haue
By art-full ſpectacles, doth much depraue
The truth of obiects; And tradition faith
Bookes vſe to lye, and bookes deny her faith.
Ecclipſes of the Sunne were wonders thought
Till ſage *Mileſius* the cauſe out ſought. Thales.
And man had not the wit to make a doubt
Of halfe the world, till fortune found it out. (truth Columbus.
But what this Age hath ſeene, makes that ſeeme
The laughing wiſemã wrot, which made the youth Democr. Alex. Mag.
Shed teares to reade it; that more worlds remaine
Still vndiſcouer'd then are yet made plaine.
Deepe diuing *Paracelſus* findes the ground
With minerals and mettals to abound,
More proper for our humors then the weedes
Hearbs plants & flowers which ſpring frõ weaker
This earth we liue on and doe ſteadfaſt call (ſeeds.
Copernicus prooues giddy-brainde, and all
Thoſe other bodies whoſe ſwift motions we
So wonder at, he ſetled findes to bee.

¶ Till

Till sanctified Ignatius and his broode
Found out the lawfull way of shedding blood,
And proued it plainely that a subiect might
Murther his *Prince*, we fondly vsde t'indite
Such persons of high treason: Now before them
Wee kneele, we pray, we worship and adore them.
For with their merits now wa're more acquainted
And know for zealous *Patriots* they are sainted.
His power that doth it, till of late wee douted
But now who questions it to death are flowted.
Then let what I propound no wonder seeme,
Though doting age new truthes do disesteeme
For tyme may make it plaine, and reason too
May beare it out, through sure with much adoe.
Causes foregoe effects by course of kinde,
Yet first th'effect and then the cause we finde.
And so must I do heere, propounde the thing,
But stronger reason after-times may bring.
Attend my Doctrine then. I say this Earth
On which we tread, frō whence wee take our birth,
Is not, as some haue thought, proportiō'd rownde,
And *Globe-like* with such zones, & girdles bounde,
As *Poets* or (more lyers) *Trauellers* say,
But shaped awry, and lookes an other way.
It is a monstrous Creature like a Man,
Thrust altogether on a heape, wee can
Distinguish no part, goggle eyes, wide mouth,
Eares that reach both the poles frō north to south,
Crumpshoulderd, breast, & backe, & thighes toge-
The legs and feet all one, if it hath either. (ther,
In breefe it is the greatest Master *Diuell* (euill
Throwne down frō heauē, in whose wombe euery
Is

Ne mireris obsecro, si rationes de iis afferre non possim: satis factum putare debes, si non minus probabiles quā quiuis alius, rationes attulerim. Æquum est meminisse & me qui disseram, & vos qui iudicabitis, homines esse: vt si probabilia dicentur, nihil vlterius requiratis. Plat. in Timæo.

Is radically fixt, and from thence ſprings
Infuſeing natiue euils, in all ſuch things
As it doth breed and nouriſh. The place of *Hell*
Is in his wombe, there leſſer diuels doe dwell.
And when he ſtirres a limme, or breaketh wind,
We cal't an earth-quake, and the danger find.
Kings, Emperours, and mighty men that tread
In higheſt ſtate, are lyce vpon his head.
The *Pope* and all his traine are skipping fleas
That know no bounds, but leape lands-law & ſeas.
The reſt are nits or body lice, that craule
Out of his ſweate, ſuch vermine are we all.
From heauen this monſter fell, and now doth lye
Bruzde with the fall, paſt all recouery.
Neither aliue, nor dead, nor whole, nor ſound
Sinking, and ſwimming, in a ſea profound
Of ſinne, and puniſhment, of paine, and terror,
Of learned ignorance, and knowing error.
No wonder then, that we who liue and die
On curſed earth, do all things thus awry,
Being monſtrous in our manners, and our minds,
And mixing in the luſt-full change of kinds.
That we are full of paſſions, doubts, and feares,
And daily fall together by the eares.
No wonder that the Clergy would be kings,
Kings Church-men; Lords & Ladies equal things,
So like in painting, ſpotting, ſtarching, all,
That Ladies Lords, and Lords we Madams call.
For ſhe was like a roaring Catamite,
And he a tender plumpe Hermophrodite.
For like as hares change ſhape and ſex, ſome ſay
Once euery yeare; theſe whores doe euery day.

So that *Hirquittal* and his wife were waken
By *Succubus* and *Incubus* mistaken.
No wonder that Diuines the Parasites play
In ieast and earnest; Actors euery way.
No wonder that some theeues doe lawyers proue,
Since all these euils by course of nature moue,
So farre that it is question'd 'mongst the wise
Which now is vertue, & which now is vice. (hight,
Two Crookebacks (not the third *Dick Gloster*
We will haue none of him, for he would fight)
Debate this question, each assumes his part
Esope for vertue stands, and all his art
Is to instruct the world to leaue the sinne,
And folly, which it lyes incompast in;
Weepes to behold it circled so with vices,
Whose serpentine and poysond sting intices
To fading pleasure, and to deadly paine
By vse soone caught, but hardly left againe.
He wries his necke at earth; but 'tis to see
How out of order euery part will bee.
He wills each *Reader* if my tales be darke,
To iudge the best, the morall still to marke.
And where they find a doubtfull meaning, there
To hold an euen course, and with compasse ster
But where strict rigor might inforce a doubt,
T'incline to fauour, and to helpe me out.
On th'other side doth learned *Tortus* stand
Concomitant, and beares the world in hand
That *Esope* and some *Stigmaticks* beside,
In shape and witt, did call well-fauou'rd *Pride*
A vice, because themselues were so deform'd,
At euery pleasure they with malice storm'd;

But wiſer much, he doth with better face,
With equall wit, worth, knowledg (but leſſe grace)
Confront ſuch fond aſſertions, lookes awry
On all the world of vertue, giues the lye
To iudgement, and with crooked mind and backe
(*Thirſites* like) vnloades this learned packe.
He teacheth firſt that *Æſope* was a ſlaue;
But Man's borne free, & freedome ought to haue,
To worke his owne good pleaſure, fayer content,
Who liues not thus, hath his whole life miſpent.
This rule he followes, and laies violent hands
On all that his pride, luſt, and will withſtands.
Cals his affection reaſon, his deſire
And appetite, ſet all his world on fire.
His childe, his wife, his neighbour, or his friend,
Is for his pleaſure loued; without that end
No king nor great Lord can forget ſo ſoone
And ſlight deſeart, as he hath often done.
Baſtards are true legitimates, he ſaith:
And enemies then friends, haue far more faith.
His neighbours are moſt ſtrangers, and before
A modeſt wife, he likes a ſhameleſſe whore.
For many whores (he ſaith) he often kept
Without diſturbance; but one night, hauing ſlept
In twenty yeares with his true wife, th'aſſault
Of many ſumners did correct that fault.
What we tearme cowardice, he doth valure call,
And in that valure he exceedeth all.
An oyſter-wife once beate him, brauely hee
Bore all her blowes, but wanted heart to flee.
He will on Sundayes with Lord *Abbot* dine,
On frydaies, with a brother *Libertine*.

And euery day drinke health's vp to the eye.
He treads not right vnles he trailes awry.
The man of ſinne himſelfe, is not more free
In doing all forbidden ſinnes then hee.
For what he ſpeakes or teacheth, writes, or reades
Only ſpeakes pleaſure, and to pleaſure leades
Had Nero's froward Tutor (too preciſe)
Beene like our *Philosarchus*, pleaſure-wiſe
And pliant to all humours but the good,
He had with ſurfetts Dyd'e, not lacke of blood.
Learn'd *Aretine* he reades', and can expound
His modeſt pictures with a touch profound.
That part is his of euery toung and art.
Which ſtricter *Idiots* tremble at, and ſtarte
To heare recited. This, this man is hee
Who on the fore-front you with *Æope* ſee.
Æſope that lookes awry on all mens vice;
But this on vertue caſteth ſcornefull eyes.
Æſope makes birds, beaſts, fiſhes, ſpeake and liue
As if their liues ſhould Man example giue
To practiſe vertue. This with apt beheaſts
Doeth teach all men how to become like beaſts.
And ſaith, whoſe life theſe creatures moſt reſemble
Comes neereſt truth, and ſo doth leaſt diſſemble.
That Nature is the beſt guide, if we pleaſe
To follow her, then we muſt follow theſe.
For theſe obſerue her rules, and are not ſpoyl'd
By art, nor haue their able organs foyl'd
With abſtinence and lacke of vſe, but ſtill
Directed are by appetite and will.
In Kings he would no other vertues ſee
Then what in Lyons, and in Eagles bee:

To

To prey on all, to make their will a lawe,
To tyrannize, to rule by force and awe,
To feare no higher powers, to doe no good,
But liue to glut themselues with guiltlesse blood.
Courtiers he would haue fashion'd like to apes
So fond their gestures, so deformde their shapes:
So full of idle imitation found
That scorne in thē, our stages might cōfōūd. (low,
That they shold starch & paīt white, red, blew, yel-
And then al black, that other fooles might follow.
Diuines of Owles he would haue learne to shreike,
As if they hated all the world did like:
But hauing got a tree and Iuy bush, (hush,
He then would haue them mute, and dumb, and
To serue all purposes, to hate the light, (night.
And prooue right Blackbirds, children of the
Men that want wit, yet haue great place in State,
He would haue like to Parrots, learne to prate
Of others, till with Almonds they were fed.
The rest like Foxes he would still haue bred
Close, craftie, indirect, to get by stealth
The goods both of the Church and Common-
All subiects and inferiors he would haue (wealth,
Themselues like Geese, and Asses to behaue,
Rich men and *Vsurers* to swallow all
Directed by the *Dolphine*, and the whale,
All men like *Dogs* to flatter, and to bite,
And misinterpret what wee speake or write.
He wills all those that on my papers looke,
To make each lyne a lybell in my booke:
To poyson with their eyes whatsere they see, (me.
And make themselues sport, and make worke for

Not to beleeue the morall, but to seeke
An other meaning whatsoe're they like,
And call it mine, and sweare I meant the same,
Although I would not persons plainely name,
And then he wils them laugh to eeke the ieast.
" An others mischiefe, makes a merry feast.
This Doctor is our Ages guide and Tutor,
The world his Schole, the flesh his Coadiutor.
No wonder then if we liue all awry,
When on our Master wee cast steady eye.
For *Alexanders* necke can teach vs this,
" The Schole and Court by greatnes fashion'd is.
Thus our great Masters crookednesse is spide
In vs his followers, who no good parts hide
That he hath learnd vs, but proclaime aloud
The cause which makes our vertuous Tuto
If any seeke his name, and list to come (proud
To schole, enquire for *Murus et Antrum.*

T

The Description of PANDORSVS WALDOLINNATVS:

Dedicated to *Thomas Thursby*, Esquire, no lesse fit to be publike, then desirous of retirement and priuacy.

YOu shun all office, though your state and wit,
With long experience makes you truly fit;
Wherefore Pandorsus *wills me pricke you heere,*
Shriefe in my booke, who might be in the Sheere.

IBIS

Dedicated to the religious Knight, Sir *Edmund Mondeford*, and his Lady, a true louer of Learning.

KNowledge and Grace; are antidotes to yow,
Who killing Serpents, do not Serpents grow.

¶ VENA-

VENATICVM ITER.

Dedicated to the example of Temperance, Sir *Henry Bedingfeild*, Knight, and to his Lady, the example of loue.

YOu hunting loue, your fields are spread with sheepe,
Looke that your hounds, your folds from foxes keepe.
Foxes and VVolues in sheepeskins range about,
VVithin Opinions, Parasites without.

GRYPS.

Dedicated to the Courtly and accomplisht Knight, Sir *Henry Richel*, and his most equall Lady.

ALL men seeke greatnesse; goodnesse is the way,
"Hee's oft lesse King that rules then doth obay.
Adde to Gods worke, your owne; his image then
Shall be repair'de, for that's the crowne of men.

SPHINX

SPHINX HYENA

Dedicated to the wise and valiant Souldier, Sir *Iohn Pooly*, Knight, and to his good Ladie.

YOu loued my brother, he is gone, I stay,
T'acknowledge first a debt, and then to pay.
Your names with others I here place, to show,
Some great men know me, some good men I know.

The PHAENIX

Dedicated to the Honourable Knight, Sir *Robert Riche*, and his Noble Ladie.

THere's but one Phœnix, if there had been more,
Your names had stood within, but now before,

HIP-

HIPPOPOTAMVS

Dedicated to the Magnificent Knight, Sir *Hugh Smith*, and his worthy Ladie.

YOur Auon's quiet, no such Monsters feede
Bout Sandy Seuerne, as in Nilus breede:
Yet Nilus-like your bountie ouerflowes,
Whence good report, and fame, and honour growes.

VNIO

Dedicated to the true louer of his Countrie, Sir *Arthur Heueningham*, Knight, and his truly religious Lady.

YOu know the moodes of men, the tempests too
Of Climes, of States, of Elements; then who
May better reade this Tale? The minde that's free
Can iudge diseases, and distempers see.

ONC

ONOCROTALVS

Dedicated to the right hopefull Knight Sir *Thomas Southwell.*

YOur name hath long been mist, now farely rise,
And make your Countrie flourish. All our eies
Are cast vpon your actions; then on vs
Reflect with loue, shun Onocrotalus.

STRVTHIOCAMELVS

Dedicated to the vertuous Knight, Sir *Iohn Heueningham*, and his charitable Ladie.

VVHat on our selues we spend, doth through vs pas,
And leaue vs naked, as this Ostrich was:
Which makes you on the poore bestow so much,
And no expence but on your selues to grutch.

The

The Asse

Dedicated to the learned and iudicious Knight, Sir *Hamond le Strange.*

Pol. Virg. lib. 1. cap. 19. de inuen. re.

SOme beasts are ominous, some birds are so,
But Massolanus, *and your selfe, say no.*
He slew the Augurs bird; my silly Asse
May to a wiseman without perill passe.

The Flie and Flea

Dedicated to the good acceptance of Master *Floyde*, Admirall to the Queenes Maiestie, and of her Councell.

THe Court from flies and fleas you cannot free,
Whilst such sweete meates, good fires, soft beds there be:
Yet guard your eyes and eares well, for we know,
Princes both heare and see by such as you.

SOLARIVM

SOLARIVM

Dedicated to the absolute and open enemies of Ignorance and darknesse, and the true louers and followers of light and knowledge, Sir *Iohn Croft*, and his happy Lady.

THe Clock that chim'de your praise, went right, for (still
He by the Diall set both tongue and will.
Follow his steps along the milke white way,
That running so, the wreath you purchase may.

DVELLVM BRITANNICVM

Dedicated to the eternall memory of that admirable Combat performed by two valorous Knights, Sir *Robert Mansell* appellant, and Sir *Iohn Heydon* Defendant; where both equally expressing fortitude and skill in giuing and receiuing wounds, scaped death, notwithstanding by the onely fauour of Prouidence.

Sluce you haue done more then I can relate
(A miracle in conqu'ring Death) what hate
that, then death more deadly, which survives
o cloude the glorie of your after liues?
e reconcilde; we shew most strength and skill
mastering our strong frailtie, our weake will.

ANTI-

ANTIDOTVM CECILIANVM

Dedicated to the Common-wealth.

DEseart hath no true follower after death
But Enuy; others flatter with their breath.
In vaine I sought particular Patrones; they
When life left greatnesse, ran with life away.
Blood, kindred, friends, forsooke him; so 'twas fit,
We might haue doubted else his worth and wit.
Their compasse was too narrow to yeeld shade
To him that both their rootes and fortunes made:
But gentle England, since he quiet gaue
To thee by his cares, giue his corps a graue.
And since his wisedome did renowne thy name,
Be thou a Sanctuarie to his fame.
And since he gaue for thee his life and health,
Giue him protection, thankefull Common-wealth.

IVST

IVSTITIA IACOBI

Dedicated to the graue, reuerend, and iudicious Knight, Sir *Robert Gardiner*, sometime Lord Iustice of Ireland.

SO many men presse now for place in State,
Deseart and worth cannot come neere the gate:
But happy were it for the State and vs,
If we (as Rome did) sought for Curius,
There should we finde him, farre from Court, with you
Perhaps a Gardiner, or perhaps at Plow.
Yet euen the same which Pyrhus *did withstand,*
Samnites, *and* Sabines *rulde, as you Ireland.*
Then should our Kings cleere Iustice shine too bright
To suffer potent wrong, cloude impotent right,
Then should this act of Iustice so aboue
All presidents, make others like it moue.
But wretched we, whilest few the dore can passe
Of high preferment, but the Laden Asse.

¶¶ AQVI-

AQVIGNISPICIVM

Dedicated to the free and bountifull house-keeper, Sir *Le-strange Mordant*, Knight Baronet.

THou that art almost onely left to tell,
Wherein our ancient Gentrie did excell
These vpstart plants, be still thy selfe, till we
For shame reforme our liues, and wax like thee,
So plaine, free, vpright, honest, open, iust:
But sure first die, and rise againe we must.

To all those Knights, Ladies, and Gentlemen, to whom my Dedications are made, a true reason and excuse why I haue not placed them in their rancks and distances.

IF any of you now be discontented,
To haue your names found here, it is repented
On my part too: for I would no man wrong
Nor honour, but for merit in my song.
If here you finde your vertues, be not proud,
But thinke you are by me and truth allowed

To weare Fames liuory, which if y' abuse,
Sheele soone pull off againe, and as you vse
To deale with your euill seruants, put ye forth
Naked of honour, if you bee of worth:
But whilst you bee what now I know and write,
Your fames guard me, and I giue you your right,
Yet not in place, for I my selfe professe
To be no Harold; but if worthinesse
Had as much power, as mony hath, to grace,
You should not (hauing so much worth) want place.

To the Reader.

IFaine would tell some Tales, but I'de be loth,
To haue men be so wise to thinke them troth.
This is a wondrous witty age, that sees
Beyond the truth of things, forty degrees.
Each Riddle now hath poyson in't; each Rime
On the blanck Almanack, points at guilty time.
Æsope must make no Lyons rore, nor Eagles
Shrike loude, nor Wolues rauin, nor swift Beagles
Yelpe with their slauering lips after the Foxe:
Nor must he meddle with the Asse, or Oxe,
For feare some querke be found, to prooue he ment
Vnder those shapes, a priuate spleene to vent
Against wise vigilant Statists, who like Ianus,
Look both waies squint, & both waies guard and saue vs:
Or that he closely would great Lawyers yerke,
Who build their neasts, with ruines of the kirke:
Or that he toutch't some Churchman, who to rise
One Steeples height, would tell Canonicall lies.
The Ghost of Virgils *Gnat would now sting so,*
That great men durst not in the Citie goe
For feare of petty-Chapmen, with a Serieant,
And a slie Yeoman, noted in the Margeant.
If Spencer *now were liuing, to report*
His Mother Hubberts *tale, there would be sport:*
To see him in a blanket tost, and mounted
Vp to the Starrs, and yet no Starre accounted.
I dare not for my life in all my tale,
Vse any English Bird, Beast, Worme, or Snaile,

Or Fish that in the narrow Seas doe trauel,
(Although each Pyrat dares) lest some should cauel,
And finde it did belong in times of yore
To some Blew sleeue, (but shall doe so no more)
Or that the Maker of new blood, the Marr old,
(Cleped id our Welch-Scotch and English Harrold)
Had (too too cheape) for fiue pounds it entailed
On some bold Brittaine, and by warrant nailed,
To him and to his house, with double voucher,
Fine, and recouery; and then who dare touch her?
Not I, I loue my ease too wel, my mony,
My eares, my liberty; he longs for hony,
That mongst the angry Waspes thrusts his bold fingers,
And from their neasts in Summer, hunts those stingers.
My valure is lesse hardy, my desire
Lesse hot. Ile blesse and blow, not kisse the fier.
Therefore auant all catholicke Locusts, come
Into my tale; nothing on this side Rome,
Nor in Virginia, though't be ours by lot,
And yet perhaps it may, perchaunc't may not.
I would not, if it lay in me to chuse,
Meddle with any thing we Christians vse:
But would all dealing with our owne eschew,
If other world and elements I knew.
But since that Nature doth some gifts disperse
Alike to all within the Vniuerse;
And in a circular globe, tye those to these;
Mixt vs in common with th' Antipodes.
I cannot choose but doe as nature doth,
Mixe many names and things well knowne to both.
Thus if by chance I vse Bird, Fish, or Beast,
Which is no daintie at a Mayors feast:

But of familiar foode for euery Swaine,
That in our Country, Coast, and Woods remaine.
Yet still conceiue (I pray) those names I take
Not properly, but for your ignorance sake.
Or if they proper be, of all one kinde,
Yet difference in their place of birth we find,
And in their natures. For though man be man,
Yet sure an Indian is no Englishman.
And so an Indian Asse, or Daw, or Trout,
Though we haue such, are none of ours no doubt:
But would be wonders here, and purses picke,
Since none but trauellers euer saw the like.
Excuse me then though with such names you meete:
They are not those that trauell in our streete,
But forrenners to vs and to our Nation,
Except by Trade, commerce, or transplantation
Made our acquaintance. Hence then subtile spies
Stretch not my tales to iustifie your lies.
If ought beside the morall you inuent,
Call it your owne, by me 'twas neuer ment.
My tale shall sort our Atheists well, and bee
Of their religion, heathenish and free.
It shall make lust a Gospell and a Law,
(Not for the truth) but to keepe fooles in awe.
That when or Gospell or else Law doth thwart
Our willes, we then may neither reck a fart.
Come Ibis, *Leade the way; eate one snake more*
And be my fury; vsher on before.

A SVPPLY OF THE DESCRIPTION OF

Monsier **PANDORSVS WALDOLYNNATVS*, that merrie American Philosopher, or the Wise man of the New World, being *Antipode to* ÆSOP, *placed with him as parallel* in the front. Done according to the simple truth of his owne naked deliuery.

* Quasi dorsus Pandus.

AS th' *East* and *West* are opposite, so stand
These Wise men in the front on either hand.
Æsope well knowne an *Easterne* witty thing:
But our *Pandorsus Westerne fame* I sing,
Whose picture in the *Front*, whose markes before,
Behinde, within, without, I late did score;
Yet lest that picture, nor these marke should make
His worth enough apparant, briefely take
His life anatomiz'de, but chiefly where
It may our sucklings with example rere.
The lines are drawne euen by his owne true light,
From partiall flattery free, and enuious spight.
Within that *Shiere* where *Hyndes* with dumplings (fed,
Beget best Lawyers, was *Pandorsus* bred:

But

But for his *Parents* were of better ranke,
And in a *Coaste Towne* dwelt, they Clarret dranke,
And wrie-mouthed *Plaice*, *Brets*, & *Soles* did eate
And crooked *Crabs*, with such prodigious meate.
Thus for a wonder they preparde in feeding :
And such hee prooued, who from that roote ha
Though no *Pandora*, yet *Pandorsus* hee, (breeding
For vice as famous, as for vertue shee.
Each God gaue her a grace, and gaue so much
As more then *Momus* thought there was no such
But what to her they gaue, from him they tooke,
And now in vaine for grace in earth we looke.
Looke for effects according to the cause :
"Our Childrens faults are moulded in our mawe
This salt-fresh-water-daintie diet fed
The parts concupiscible, and there bred
An itching humor, whence extracted was
This quitessence of contraries, this masse
Of Natures shreds and parcels, who partakes
A part of all, which imperfection makes.
A Foxes braines, knowing much wrong, no righ
Gote-bearded. sweete-fac'de, like a Catamite ;
Toung'de Lawyer-like, all terme with vacation ;
A Baboones loynes, desiring occupation ; (spy
Crumpe-Cammell-shoulder'd, neckt as straight
One eye like to a Molls, t'other like Lynx ;
A Lyons stomack, not to fight, but feede ;
A Hare in heart, and yet a Snaile in speede.
This is the man whom we *Pandorsus* call,
whose Armes or *Rebus* thus we blasen shall.
Vpon a stately wall *Saint George* doth ride
(Wanting a horse) in pompe and armed pride ;
Beneath there is a Den, in that the Dragon.

Th

This tells his name, whoſe worthy parts wee brag
It is his owne deuice, let all men know: (on.
So is the reſt which we in order ſhow.
His Mothers Husband (who reputed was
His Father) being rich and well to paſſe,
A wealthy Merchant and an Alderman,
On forraigne ſhores did trauell now and then,
The whilſt a Gallant Souldier, new come forth
From warre begot this man of mickle worth.
This gallant Souldier, then from *Belgia* brought
A wondrous Mandrak (with much perril bought)
Sprung (though ſome think it fabulous) from ſeed
The gallowes drop (for ſo this roote doth breed,)
Which whilſt his mother did in pleaſure eye,
Our *Mounſiers* ſhape, ſhe did conceiue thereby,
Much like that Mandrake writhen turning round,
As from the Gallowes he had dropt to ground.
And let no doubtfull Reader much admire,
A *Myrmidon* ſhould be *Pandorſus* Syre,
For as there's none with vs beget more fooles
Then Wiſemen, Lawyers, & the Heads of Scholes,
So none more cowards get, then thoſe which are
Our braueſt Spirits, moſt renownde in warre.
The cauſe I know not, or I liſt not tell,
But ſo it oft falles out, and heere ſo fell:
None bolder then *Pandorſus* Syre, then he
None fearefuller; and yet he needs would be
A Souldier, where the Muſter-booke he fild,
But fought with none, nor ne're ſaw any kild.
Artemon was more hardy, though afraid
Of his owne ſhaddow. Wagers haue been laid,
That let an enemie fart, he would out-run
An Iriſhman, for feare 't'ad been a gun.

Where

Where learned *Spencer* maketh harna'ſt *Feare*
Afraide the claſhing of his armes to heare,
That apprehenſion he from hence did gaine,
Our *Mounſier* did, what *Spencer* did but faine.
But ſtay, I haue forgot to let you know
His education, and to ſhew ye how
(Being nuſled vp in Letters) he in ſport
His time wore out at *Schole* and *Innes* of *Court*,
Yet ſo as once a *Gipſie*, who did looke
Vpon his Palme, ſaid, he ſhould liue by's books,
Which fortune ſome cõceiue hath doubtful ſcope,
As if his booke ſhould ſaue him from the rope,
But ſince he proues, it ment another thing,
That teaching Toungs, he ſhould liue like a King
And ſo he now doth, liuing as he luſt,
And by his owne will meaſuring what is iuſt.
For being ſet to Schole when he was young,
He of all knowledge learn'd both taile & tongue
Th'*Italian*, *Latin*, *Spaniſh*, and the *French*
He grew as cunning in, as at a *VVench*.
A *Dictionary* of all words of Art
And *Lullies* old-ends he hath got by heart.
Th'apparrell of all knowledge he doth weare,
And 'bout him *Bias*-like his wealth doth beare.
And now (growne ripe) he doth religion chooſe
That's moſt in faſhion, as our great ones vſe:
But otherwiſe for truth hee'le neuer burne,
Th'aduantage of his wry-necke helpes him turne
He knowes the way, & wills the world ne're doubt
That comming raw in, hee'le goe roſted out.
In youth he tooke to wife a louely *Dame*,
Not hight the chaſt *Penelope* by name,

Bu

But worthy ſuch an attribute, for ſhee
Her wandring looſe *Vlyſſes* did not ſee
In twenty yeeres, and yet tis thought her bed
She kept vnſtain'd, and vn-ad-horn'd his head.
But what a bleſſing was, he thought a curſe,
His wife had better beene, had ſhe beene worſe,
Her goodneſſe made him hate her; ſhe had dyde
But that a dozen muſt be kil'd beſide.
He knew not then, as I haue heard him ſay,
Th'Italian tricke, but the plaine Engliſh way
Of ſimple Country poyſoning, now he knowes
To do't by inches; Court perfection growes.
Lopus and *Squire*, are not ſo skill'd as hee,
Not ſcarce *Romes Conclaue* in that myſterie.
He can a nullitie worke, diuorce the life
Twixt ſoule and body ſooner then ſome wife.
And if his tricke be knowne, men ner'e will ſeeke
A doubtfull way by law, but do the like.
His wife did ſcape a ſcouring, ſo did he
When, being merry once in companie
And paſſing Smithfield (then vnpau'd) too late
With rich Canary hauing lynde his pate,
The owle-eyd *Sharkers* ſpied him how he felt
To finde a poſt; his meaning ſoone they ſmelt,
And then the ſturdieſt knaue with ſodaine ruſh
Our wauering *Mounſier* on his knees did puſh
The whil'ſt an other kindely to him ſpoke,
Help't him out of the durt, and chang'd his cloake.
This cloake he wore next day, and paſſing by
A Brokers ſhop, the prentice loude gan cry
Sirs ſtop the theefe, the cloake this fellow weares
Is mine: with that they ſwarm'd about his eares,

Con-

Conuaide him to a Iuſtice, where one ſwore
He had been branded *ſtigmatick* before.
Another ſaid, he was the man that hung
Three daies beyond Seas, as the ballad ſung;
The cauſe why he his neck awry, did hold,
Was for he hang'd long, and was t'ane down cold
But to the Iuſtice being throughly knowne,
For carrying letters where 'tmuſt not be ſhowne,
And for his skil, each moderne language ſpeaking
And wōdrous Art, to ſilence dores frō ſqueaking
With loſſe of his good *cloke*, he ſlipt the hooke,
And thus he once was ſaued by his booke.

Thus farre I ſtretch my lines, thus far he liues.
And more I'le write, when he direction giues.
But if I die, theſe lines ſhall be the glaſſe
His worth to ſhew, and how I thankefull was.

Erra

Errata.

Fol 5.lin.2.for,ſet,reade, ſat.f.22.l.21.for finds,r.finde.f.23. l.24.for Inglers,r.Iuglers.f.24.l.12. for himſelfe, r. th'Egiptians.f.26.l.6.for doubled, r. doubted. f. 52.in the note, for vt, r.quod.f.30.l.22.for actiues,r.actiue. f.40.l.9.for he,r.ye l f.49. l.9.for taies,r.tailes.f.77.l.16.for ths,r.the.f.78.l.26.for vp.r.vs. In the preface to the intelligent Reader placed before Duellum Britanicum,l.12.for friends,r.ſinnes.f.92.theſe two verſes muſt be put in betwixt the 8.and 9. line, for they were forgotten in the writing of the coppy,bywhich the book was printed:

None ſuffred to drop downe,all highly prizde,
Preſerued,recorded,apothegmatizde.

F.102.l.32.for ſtar,r.ſcarr.f.108.l.26.for,hee harmde,r.hee be harmde.f.41.l.9.the laſt, I, muſt be left out.

1. *Ibis.*

EGypt oppreſt with Serpents; either growing
From ſlimie *Nilus* fruitfull ouerflowing,
Or from the enuious bankes of *Tyber* ſent
To tell what farther harme the Romanes ment:
Or by the foggy Southerne windes brought o're
From ſandy *Lybia* to this fertile ſhore:
Made *Ibis* keeper of their liues and ſtates,
Who like a watchfull Porter, kept the gates
Where this infected Crue did vſe to enter:
And (as they came in poiſoned troopes) did venter
Mauger their ſting, and teeth, and venome too,
To ſwallow th'enuious Aſpes with ſmall adoe.
So long ſhee fed, that Egypt now ſeem'd free,
And ſcarce a Serpent in the land could ſee.
"But ouer-feeding hurts, as ſome men ſay,
"Though food be good: then ſurfet ſoone we may
"By poiſoned bits. And *Ibis* found it true,
So that her glutted gorge ſhee's forc'd to ſpue;
The noiſome ſtinke whereof infecteth more
Then by thoſe Serpents had beene ſtung before.
And *Ibis* ſelfe (corrupted with the foode)
Grew Serpentine, and did more harme then good.
Shee keepes no entrance now, but lets them paſſe,
And of their faction, and their treaſon, was

Plin. lib. 8. Veſpæ fiunt ex corporibus equorũ mortuorum: opes ranarũ mortuarum: ranæ verò & angues ex putrefactione aquæ. Comment. in lib 12. Ariſt. Metaphy.

Ibis Serpentibus eſt inimica, roſtro enim eos percutit, interficit & deuorat. Ariſt.

Diodorus Siculus, l. b. 3.

A cun-

A cunning ayder, and a close contriuer.
Al-gate Shee seem'd a diligent, faithfull, diuer
Into their darker holes to search them out:
But truth it was to put them out of doubt,
That Shee their friend, they neede not feare a foe,
But might at pleasure through the kingdome goe,
Whilst all neglected their increase, supposing,
Ibis their trustie warden, had beene closing
The lands strong Ports with skill, to keep these in,
And others out, till all had eaten bin.
But she had other aymes, and vnderhand,
Plac'd *Cockatrices* all about the land:
And such as these (who kin to serpents were)
Did shee make Captaines, and to place prefer
Of chiefe command in warre: with hope to bring
The Basilisk to be th'Egyptian king;
The Basilisk that at the head of Nile,
With deadly poyson doth the spring defile.
Thus *Ibis* fayld them, and betraide their trust,
And now or die thē selues, or kil they must. (crea
And scarce was't in their choice. Such quicke in
"Hath bad things more thē good in time of peace
Yet th'Egyptians from securer sleepe,
Of foolish pitty, and remisnesse steepe,
Of fond credulity, and easie faith:
At last awak't, what'seuer *Ibis* saith,
Suspects of fraud, of double-meaning doubt,
And with quicke search do finde the treason ou
Which *Ibis* seeing to be past preuention,
Past skill to cloke and couer with inuention:
With malice, enuie, feare, and horror swelling,
And other poyson in her bosome dwelling,

Plin. lib. 8. cap. 22. Cacoblepa. aliàs. Cacotheph.

Sh

Shee burſts aſunder, and preuents the paine
Her crime deſeru'd; but not the ſhame and ſtaine,
That the Egyptians left for after times,
To reade and wonder at in theſe few rimes. (iuſt;
" Whom Nature makes good, Cuſtome made vn-
We truſted *Ibis*, but ſhee fail'd our truſt.
Let Reaſon rule, and Reaſon thus exhorts,
" Make not your wil wardē of your Cinque Ports.

Epimythium.

PLutarch in the life of *Alexander* the Great, writes of a woman brought to a ſerpentine and poiſonous nature, by feeding ordinarily on Serpents. This hath ſome reſemblance with this tale, whoſe Morall is, that man ſhould carefully guard himſelfe from others, and from himſelfe: From others, becauſe though we come neere ſin, with a purpoſe to puniſh it; yet being full of contagion, the effect is hazardous: much more when we conuerſe with it daily; as they witneſſe, who keeping company with prophane, diſſolute, and blaſphemous perſons, doe often come out ſuch themſelues, ſeldome otherwiſe. Beware therefore of euill company, and euill cuſtome. To walke in the counſell of the wicked, leades you to ſtand in the way of ſinners, and cauſeth you to ſit in the ſeate of ſcorners. To conuerſe with Hereticks vnder whatſoeuer pretence, is dangerous. Thus therefore guard your ſelfe from outward inuaſion, from others; but keepe one eye to looke inward. The worſt company is at home, within a mans

Plut in vita Alex. mag.

Pſalm. 1.

selfe. His senses stirred vp to pleasure, are so many serpents in his bosome, seeking his destruction: neither will they easily be charmed. The sting of sinne is sweete, but deadly. Set your vnsanctified appetite and will to gouerne these, and you are vndone. The flesh will let in the world and the diuell, in stead of God and Heauen: But let your sanctified Reason be your gouernour, and you are safe at home and abroad. *Mortifie therefore your members which are on the earth; fornication, vncleannes, the inordinate affection, euill concupiscence, and couetousnesse, which is Idolatry, &c.* The place of greatest danger where your foe may land and enter, is the Cinque-ports, the fiue senses: watch therefore ouer these, and ouer your affections, and you are safe.

P. Colos. c.3.v.5.

2. *Vena-*

2. *Venaticum Iter.*

TH'Egyptian Shepheards arm'd at all aſſaies
With Dogs and Sheep-hookes, ſet vpon the
At pleaſure piping many a learned ſonnet. (Laies,
Of fixed ſtarres, and each courſe-keeping plannet;
Of thunder, lightning, meteors, and the cauſe
Of changing kingdomes, and tranſlating lawes:
Why peſtilence did rage, why good men die,
Why *Nilus* ouerflow the bankes ſo hie,
Why killing froſts, and ſuch aboundant ſnow,
That ruine falling, ruine as they thaw:
Why th'earth ſhould barren be, and famine breed
In the fat ſoile, though ſowne with better ſeede:
Why water, ayre, earth, and cheerefull fire
Should (being made for man) gainſt man conſpire,
And of themſelues (by nature neuer bidden)
Bring forth ſuch croſſe effects, vnheard & hidden,
To plague poore man, and liuing him t'intombe
In his owne ruines, ere the day of doome.
The cauſe of this, they wiſely found to be
Mans open ſinnes, and cloſe Hypocriſie.
And of this Theame diſcourſing too and fro,
Proouing it was, wiſhing it were not ſo,
The King came by, and with him many Nobles,
Whoſe peſtred train the ſheep & ſhepheard trobles.
Poore Country, thou find'ſt this in corne & cattel,
When moſt remote frō Court, thou moſt doſt bat-
The King a hūting rides; the ſhepheards dogs (tel.
Would needs a hunting too, and onward iogs

Theſe iolly Currs: the Shepheards whoope amaine
Hollow and whiſtle too, but all in vaine.
The Huntſ-men rate, and like to Mad men ride;
The Currs ſuppoſe they cheere them when they (chide
So on they go, and do as others do,
Throw vp their curld tailes, ſpēd their weſands too
And when they cannot top the reſt, runne after
So long, till anger now is turn'd to lafter.
And now the King delights the Currs to heare,
For they are euer buſie in his eare;
And coming home to trencher-food they fall,
Proouing good blood-hounds ſome, good harrier
They can draw Dry-foot to the harmles game, (a
Whil'ſt Wolues and Foxes paſſe their noſes tame.
Thus fed by fat ſweet bones, they all proue gluttō
And where they wōt to guard, now kil our muttō
They learned haue Court lore, and nothing faile
Can fawne, and flatter, nimbly wag their tailes;
And ſnarle, and bite, and beate the better hound
Out of the Court, who their falſe hunting found.
And now the time drawes on, the King againe
Rides out to hunt, and with him all his traine.
Theſe dogs are fore-moſt, and purſue the chace
With eager ſtomackes, and with equall pace.
But being trencher-fed, the weather hot,
Themſelues vnbreath'd, to hunting vſed not;
They ſoone are ſhaken off, and waxing ſlacke
Become the lag and hindmoſt of the packe;
And ſtraight loſe ſight, ſent, hearing of the reſt.
So then to *Nilus*-ward they hold it beſt
To turne their courſe, with her coole waues to ſla
The heate they got, for double diligence ſake.

The roughest, rudest, curstest Curr of all,
Which wont vpon the gentlest Dogs to fall,
And neither being Hound nor Mastiffe bred,
But of a mongrill kind, by shee-Wolues fed; Lyciſca.
Did silence such as spent their sweeter voice
In tunefull tones, which hunters eares reioice.
Whil'st he nor at the fold, would watch in darke,
Nor bite the wolfe, nor with his harsh voice barke,
Nor here amongst the hounds once open wide
His monstrous chaps, except, to bite, or chide;
Or rauin and deuoure the daintiest meate
Which the industrious; not the slug should eate.
And in despite of whips, though crouch and cry,
Would neuer mend, nor better grow thereby.
Led on the way, for he would still be first,
His impudence was such, and such his thirst;
Nor would he suffer any there to drinke
Till he had done. Ambitions eye doth thinke
"To swallow all, and all too little too.
"For him that least deserues, and least can do.
But see a iust reward, whil'st thus he lies
Tending his pleasure, from the waues doth rise
A cruell subtill Crocodile, who snatcheth
At him with her sharpe fangs, and quickly catcheth
The lazie Curr; which struggles, cries, and striues,
But all too late. Th'amphibious monster diues
Vnder the waues; the Dog resists in vaine,
Death swallowes him. The rest run home amaine,
Home to the Sheepfolds, and attend the trade
They were by arte traind to, by nature made.
And fearing now the like, fore-warn'd by this,
When hot and dry they waxe, their custome is,

AElianus, l. 1. Præterceurrunt autem ripam, & suffurantes bibunt, quantum est capere, iterum atque iterum.

At bankes of *Nile*, neuer to rest and stay,
But here and there to lap, and so away;
Lest otherwise some Crocodile being hid,
Should serue their sloth, like as the other did.

Epimythium.

THis tale doth teach, each man himselfe t'apply
To his Vocation; not to looke awry
At Honours, Riches, Pleasures, which are baites
The diuell laies in our way, and in them waites
To swallow vs, whilest eagerly we seeke
To swallow and ingrosse whatsoere we like:
Without respect what's honest, iust, and fit,
So we by any meanes can compasse it.
Each hath his element, his toyle, and sport,
The clowne the country, and the King his Court.
The Nobles in the Councell or the field;
The Sea, and Burse, doth like to Merchants yeeld.
Each tradesman in his shop, house-wiues at home;
" They range too far, that o're the threshold rome:
Lawyers vpon the bench, Diuines within
Their studies, schooles, or pulpits; else they sinne:
Who takes the plow in hand, must neuer slacke,
" Nor looke about, for then he looketh backe.
Who takes the Crowne & Scepter, stil must think
" When others soundly sleepe, he must but winke.
Who goes to warre, or counsell must aduise,
" The shame or honor on the Noblest lies.
Who guides the Helme must stil his compas mind,
" And cheere his mates, and saile with euery wind.
Who by Mechanicke Arts does hope to thriue,

Must

" Must be a Bee, and make his shop his Hiue.
" Who sits to iudge, the *Person* must neglect,
" Not looke asquint, but to the truth direct:
" Who will *Episcopize*, must watch, fast, pray,
" And see to worke, not ouersee to play.
They haue a double charge, to rule, and teach,
" Whil'st they neglect to preach, neglect they (preach.
Each must his Diocesse tēd; or if at Court,
What others dare not he must still report.
Yet nought but truth, nor all truths, but the good:
(So *Moses* in the gap of vengeance stood) Psal. 106. 13
What others dare not whisper he must sing,
And like a golden trumpet rouze the King,
With wise alarums from securer sleepe,
Wherein fraile flattring flesh doth greatnes keepe.
For greatnesse, both in state, wit, strength, and all
That we call great on earth, is apt to fall
With greatest danger, greatest violence,
Vnlesse vpheld by greatest diligence.
And he is onely worthy to be great,
Who with a vertuous freedome holds the seate
Of *Moses*, and inclines to neither hand,
But both vpright onely for truth doth stand.
Such tend their flocks; whil'st they attend the (Court,
Their pastime 'tis to moderate each sport.
They season all raw humors. Seldome glance
On honours or on pleasures, but by chance;
And then to recreate their spirits they doo't,
Taking a snatch, and fall the harder too't.

Gryps.

Gryps animal pennatum & quadrupes. Hæ belluæ dicuntur esse in Scythia, & cum Arimaspis qui vnicum habent oculum, auri caussa quod custodiunt, assiduè bellum gerere, *Plin.* lib. 10.

THe Griffon well allied, and great in power,
Made challenge to be generall Emperour
Of beasts, and birds; whose title to decide,
A generall Councell was proclaimed wide
Through all the world, and euery bird and beast
Togither met, the greatest, and the least. (feet,
Mongst these some crawling serpents, some with
And some with wings did at this Councell meet,
And claim'd the place of beasts, and did alleadge
Full many ancient lawes of priuiledge
For their high honour; but the chiefe was this;
They proou'd themselues beasts out of *Genesis*.
But when that law was read, and it was found,
Their treason brought a curse vpon the ground;
That euer since their poison did annoy
Both birds and beasts, and oft did both destroy;
Cloking their fraud, guilding their villany
With ancient-vniuersall-vnitie;
Betraying truth with darke ambiguous lies,
And cosening man of blessed *Paradise:*
Adulterating, purging of the sence
Of holy Writ vnder a good pretence:
They had by generall voice, strict banishment
From coming neere this Court of Parliament.
And now the rest proceede; but by the way
Arose another cause of some delay:

Gen. c. 3 v. 1. Serpens autem erat astutus, astutior quauis bestia agri.

Com-

Coming to choose a Speaker, bolde *Iack-daw*
Would interpose his skill, and vouch a law,
(The law of Parasites) that each one might
Speake what him list, gainst reason or gainst right.
And that no speaker needed, ought to be,
Where such a mixture was; for if quoth he,
We choose a bird, the beasts will all dissent;
If they a beast, we shall be discontent.
This speech, though true in part, did all offend,
Because they sawe his busie tongue did bend
To crosse all businesse, and his wit deuise
To change the firmest knots to nullities.
So they agreed togither in this sort,
To cut his nimble tongue a little short,
For saucy tatling, where he should not teach,
And being silent where he ought to preach.
But he auoides this sentence with a quirke,
Pleading of olde he longed to the Kirke,
Though seldome he came there; & each one took
Him for no Clarke, vntill he claim'd his booke,
Then they perceiu'd his skill; & soone discerned
How he to flatter and backbite was learned;
Could mount a steeples top, and with the winde
Turne like a weather-cocke his ready minde,
Seruing the time: therefore they onward passe
To choose a Speaker; some would haue the Asse,
Because he could diminish nought nor adde,
But truth deliuer, were it good or bad:
Yet most misliked that choise, & those pronounce
The Parrot fit, and some the nimble Ounce;
Some the sweete Nightingale, and some the Dog,
And some the Foxe, the Baboone, some the Hog;

Some

Some Robin red-breſt, or the ſpeckled Thruſh,
Some Chantecleere, & ſome the Woodcock fluſh.
Some choſe the Ape, and ſome miſlike his voyce,
So ſundry factions riſe from this hard choiſe.
At laſt the Elephant perſwades with all
To take an equall courſe, and man to call
As ſpeaker, iudge, and vmpier in this thing,
Being by nature the worlds generall King.
And he moſt fit t'appoint and to depute
His owne Emperiall bird-beaſt ſubſtitute.
To this they all conſent, and to this end
In humble wiſe to Man this meſſage ſend,
That he their Patron, Gouernour, and Lord,
Would daigne this mighty difference to accord
With reaſon and authority. His conſent
Is ſoone obtain'd: now gins the Parliament,
In which the *Griffon* thus begins his plea.
Grand Emperour, of Ayre, Earth, and Sea;
I challenge by prerogatiue and birth,
To be your Vicar generall on the Earth,
O're birds & beaſts: The beaſts I ought cõmand,
Becauſe vpon foure feete like them I ſtand.
The birds I ought to rule, cauſe I can flie
With theſe my wings like them, and ſore as hie.
I doe ſurpaſſe the beaſts in hauing wings,
The birds in legs, in taile, and other things:
My force doth match the Lyons, and my heart
The Eagle, or excels them in each part.
Your doome I therefore claime, that I may be
Plac'd equall to my worth in ſoueraignty:
And next your ſelfe the Emperour be of Earth,
According to the priuiledge of my birth.

Gryps quadrupes.

Gryps inter volatilia recitatur, Deut. 14.

Then

Then ſpake the Elephant, and ſaid, that he
Ought ouer beaſts the onely Lord to be:
His ſtrength was great, and more then others far,
His honours more purchaſde in manly warre:
His learning more, the letters vnderſtanding,
And aptly doing all, wiſe man commanding.
Gainſt him vproſe the *Syre* of *Bankes* his horſe,
And challeng'd him to trie, wit, worth, and force.
This grew to heate, but then the mighty Rucke
Soone parts the fray, each did from other plucke;
Deſires ſhe might be heard, her challenge was
To rule all birds, ſince ſhe all birds did paſſe.
The Wren ſtraight hopt about, and ſaid, his name
Did ſhew from what a royall ſtocke he came.
And euery bird and beaſt, the great and ſmall,
Had his ambitious ayme to gouerne all.
Which hauing made, in ſilence all ſate downe
Being ouer-awed with mans Emperiall frowne.
Each feared, each hoped, vntill at length the Man
Roſe vp, and to determine thus began.
I was your Maiſter made, you made for me,
And whatſoeuer in the Globe there be
Hid or reuealed, 'tis mine. And I alone
Sole Emperor am, vnder that only *One*.
Nor doubt you this; the queſtion now in hand
Is for the vnder king-ſhip of my land;
For 'tis not fit that I ſhould troubled be
With euery toy, when ſubiects diſagree:
But that my Preſident ſhould ſtill be nigh,
Your doubts and iarres t'appeaſe and rectifie.
I onely reſts to ſhew what parts are fit
For gouernment. That's courage, ſtrength & wit:

Elephas eſt animal quod magnitudine inter omnia animalia quadrupedia excellit: Intellectu & memoria multum vigens, Plin. Solin.

Regulus, or Regaliolus.

Mercy

Mercy and iustice, and the guard to those,
Awe to commaund, dexterity to dispose.
If any part of these be separate,
The rule is most imperfect, and the State
Falls to contempt; the lawes are trodden downe,
The scepter broken, and despis'd the crowne.
This shewes how many here haue vainly sought
For one good part, the wreath that many ought.
That nor the Ruck, the Elephant nor Horse,
Are fit to gouerne for their matchlesse force:
Nor for their wit alone; for then the oxe
Might make his claime too, and the subtile foxe.
Much lesse the silly wren for honord house,
Nor the catt-fearing, Elephant-frighting Mouse.
For these would breed contempt, & Athens owl
Might challenge so night-rule of euery fowle.
Nor is it meete this Griffon should obtaine
What by pretence of right he seekes to gaine.
Because his title halts on either side,
Except in halues, himselfe he will deuide.
He is no beast: his tallents, wings, and head
Conclude against his challenge in my stead.
Nor yet a bird: his body, legs, and tayle
With euidence his arguments doe quaile.
But if where proofe lyes hid, wee may proceede
By probabilities; from spurious seede
Hee tooke his beeing, and would neither loue,
Being like to neither, but a Tyrant proue.
And where he boasts his wondrous strēgth & hart
It's false he doth pretend, because that part
Which shewes him Lyon-like in shape, hide, hair
Doth of the Kingly Lyon stand in feare.

Gryphus, Capite & alis Aquilæ similis, reliquo corpore similis Leoni. Isid. lib. 12.

An

And that birds part which he from th'Eagle took,
On the sky-towring Eagle dares not looke.
The Lyon therefore I ordaine and make
The King of beasts; his awfull voice shall shake
The proudest spirit. And the Eagle shall
Be King of Birds, and ouerlooke them all.
This sentence past, the Parlament arose,
And with these rules of truth the Sessions close.

Aquila mas

Epimythium.

Who seeks two swords to sway, hath right to none;
Who seekes two offices, is not fit for one:
Who seekes two callings, takes too much in hand:
Who hath two faiths, doth true to neither stand.
One sword, one office, Calling, and one faith
Is fit for one Man; so this storie saith.

Vnum opus optimè fit à vno. Arist. lib. 2. Politic.

Sphinx.

4. *Sphinx. Hyena.*

Hyena crudelis est bestia similis lupo, &c. Circuit domos per noctem & humanam prout potest fingit vocem. Iisdo. Alicuiusque nomen adducit, quem e-nocatum foras jaceret. Isid.

HYena was a ſubtle beaſt, and bloudy;
To ruine man was his whole trade and ſtudy:
He ſcorn'd the ſheepe, the ſhepheard was his pray,
His nightly plots, got what he miſt by day.
The ſhepheards of *Arcadia* beguil'd
By his fain'd voice, were murther'd oft & ſpoil'd
For in the night he wont like ſome good friend,
To call them out, and then apeeces rend.
One onely wiſer ſhepheard thought it beſt
Hire *Sphinx* to watch his houſe whil'ſt he did reſt
Whoſe ſubtlety fore-ſaw, and ſtill preuented,
What elſe his Maſter had too late repented.
For when the falſe *Hyena* went about
Calling for helpe, to traine the Shepheard out,
Faining diſtreſſe as if he robbed were,
Or miſt his way (a wearie traueller;)
Sphinx ſoone perceiu'd his counterfeit cõplaining
And laught outright to heare his crafty faining;
But would not let the credulous ſhepheard goe,
(Whoſe tender heart pittied his mortall foe)
Till day appear'd, and that the Sun ſhone bright
Togither with the *Sphinx* full many a night,
An Indian *Aſſe* and *Musk-cat*, ſafely ſlept, (kept
Whil'ſt *Sphinx* the ſhepheards houſe and houſhold
Nor did they alwaies ſleepe, but often heard
What at the firſt to thinke vpon they fear'd;

But custome at the length bereft all awe,
And they fear'd nothing, when they nothing saw.
So Enuie wrought, and Ignorance, and Pride,
That they the wiser *Sphinx* dare now deride.
And mou'd the Shephaerd, to preuent the charge
Of keeping more, to let the *Sphinx* at large.
Perswading there was no such cause of dread,
But they might well supply the *Sphinx* his stead:
Who fain'd those feares, and did imagine treason,
To winne th'opinon of much wit and reason.
The Shepheard fondly credits this; and straight,
Lets loose the *Sphinx*, and these in order waite.
The *Indian Asse* he trusted being plaine,
Supposing he would neither lye, no faine.
And the Musk-cat, was pleasant to the smell,
And very watchfull; needs must these doe well.
The night is come, the Shepheard soundly sleepes
As he had wont, no skar his conscience keepes.
These two stand Sentinel, and now ere long,
Comes the *Hyena*, and with smoothing tongue
Saith; Is your Master waking, gentle swaines?
If not, arere him tell him all the Plaines
Are vp in armes against our common foe,
The false *Hyena* that beguil'd vs so.
He cannot scape their hands, for they haue found
The Caue he keepes in, closely vnder ground.
Bid him awake and rise and come away,
For all the Shepheards for his comming stay.
This tale beleeu'd, the *Asse* and *Musk-cat* hie,
To make their Master to make haste to dye.
He riseth rashly, opes the dore, goes out,
And is deuour'd ere he can looke about.

Nor can the watch-men ſcape, but both are ſlaine:
Though one be ſweete, the other true and plaine.

Epimythium.

"Not ſimple truth alone can make vs fit,
"To beare great place in State, without great wit.
" For when the Serpent comes to circumuent vs,
"We muſt be Serpents too, or els repent vs.

5. *Hippo*

5. *Hippopotamus.*

The *Sea-horse*, and the famous *Crocodile*,
Both challeng'd to be Kings of fruitfull *Nile*.
And ſundry fields they fought, where many dyed
Of either faction, ſtill the cauſe vntried.
Yet often had they ſingle, hand to hand,
Encountred in the flood, and on the land:
And parted ſtill with equall harme away,
For both the blowes bore thence, but not the day;
Yet each inuincible himſelfe did call,
And ſo they were, but to themſelues, to all.
But when they cop'd, ſucceſſe did thus conclude;
Courage remain'd, ſtrength only was ſubdu'd.
And ſo for want of ſtrength they often ſundred,
Thogh at their wondrous ſtrength al other won-
Thus oft they met, and oft aſſaied in vaine, (dred.
Who ſhould th'emperiall Crowne of *Nilus* gaine
Till both grew weary of theſe warres at length,
And gan lay by the vſe of armes and ſtrength.
And truce proclaim'd a while on either part,
A fained truce, no friendſhip from the hart.
For vnder-hand by ſtratagems, and friends,
And ſecret plots, each ſought their ſeuerall ends.
But much more noble was the *Crocodile*,
And wiſer much, though not ſo full of guile
As *Hippopotamus*, ſo th'other hight,
VVho car'd not what he did, or wrong or right.

Hippopotamus in Nilo editur, Crocodilo inimicus. Plin. lib. 8. cap. 25.

Crocodilus animal quadrupes in terra & in aquis valens.

By falshood, bribes, or treason; so he could,
The foulest fact, to his aduantage mould.
And thus he call'd *Chameleon* on a day,
VVith *Polypus*, and vnto them gan say:
You two my bosome friends, my Minions are,
My priuie Counsellers in peace and warre.
And I haue found ye plyant to my will,
Faithfull to me, but false to others still.
And now I craue your vtmost art and reason
In conquering of the *Crocodile* by treason;
VVhich thus I purpose: Both of you are made,
By nature apt to colour and to shade,
With fit resemblance all the obiects nie,
On which you shall reflect a steady eye.
You can seeme otherwise, then what you be,
And couer hate with close hypocrisie.
You can take any shape, any disguise,
And soone beguile the most inquisitiue eyes;
VVeare any Liuery, all companies fit,
And to each humour change your ready wit.
This you haue done before, and oft made plain
VVeighty intelligence, and can so againe.
But each his proper element retaining
Chameleon in the ayre, and earth remaining,
You *Polypus* at sea. To sea then hie,
And with rich promises *Torpedo* buy
To our close seruice: he in Counsell is
To our great foe, a greater friend of his.
" But wealth is our best friend, and that corrupts
" The purest minde, and friendship interrupts.
VVith gifts and promises peruert him so
That he may call vs friend, count him a foe:

Seruo enim non fas est verum dicere, quod Hero fuerit incommodum. Euti,

Chameleon mutat suum colorem inflatus. Arist. Hist. Animal. lib. 11. cap. 11.

Will him he would, when fitting time doth come,
VVith his ſlowe touch ſecure, bewitch, benumme
Our aduerſary, and his ſenſe aſtoniſh,
That it may ſeeme a crime him to admoniſh
Of our apparent practiſes preparing,
VVhileſt he attends his ſports, no danger fearing.
Then to the water-rat *Ichneumon* goe, Plin. lib. 8. cap. 26.
And you to *Cuſchillus*, and will them two (head,
VVhen next they picke his teeth, and ſcratch his
(For they are neere him ſtill at euery ſtead,
And highly fauor'd, (chiefly *Cuſchillus*,)
Though both in fee and penſion be with vs,)
That they would ioyn their wits & force togither
To murther him; and for reward, come hither.
So when your plots be cloſely thus conuey'd,
And all your traines and tew in order laid,
Then mixt your ſelues in either element
VVith the profuſe, the needy, diſcontent,
The deſperate, the bloody, and the bolde,
VVhom nought but feare do from rebellion hold;
Of ſuch you ſhall finds many in this State,
For hee's remiſſe, and doth all buſineſſe hate,
VVhereby he gets contempt, and opens wide
A ready way to enter vneſpied
To our high aimes. Full many you ſhall finde
Of our cloſe faction, fitting to our minde.
Thoſe that are ſuch encourage, others frame,
And what you will ſpeake largely in our name;
Promiſe, and ſweare, and lye, to make things fit,
That our deſignes may proſper by your wit.
Away, and for the reſt leaue that to me.
These ſpies inſtructed thus fit agents be,

And poſt with ſpeede, and with a ſpeed too good
Diſpatch all Scenes fit for the Act of bloud.
And now the wiſe, learnd, valiant *Crocodile*,
On hunting hies vnto the bankes of *Nile*,
VVhere hauing ſported long, and fully fed,
The ſlowe *Torpedo* ſtrokes him on the head,
VVhiſpers within his eare, and charmes him ſo
That in the Sun-ſhine he to reſt muſt goe:
But as he goes drowſie and reeling thus,
Meetes him the *Indian Rat*, and *Cuſchillus*,
And lowting lowe with muſicke him preſents,
And antique ſhewes, and masking meriments;
Striuing to hide their treaſon with ſuch Art,
That their true care almoſt betraid their heart.
This wiſe *Alcedo* (one that many a diſh
Had for his King prepar'd, of daintieſt fiſh,)
Did ſoone ſuſpect, and with ſhrill voice gan crie,
Sir King beware, for enemies are nie;
Beware of him that's buſie with your eare,
And tels you lies, that truths you may not heare.
Beware of him that's ſcratching of your head,
Beware of him that's making of your bed.
Beware of him that doth extoll ye ſo,
And like a God adores ye as ye goe:
Beware of him that doth ſo humbly fall
On his falſe knee; good King beware of all.
VVith that the *Crocodile* gan looke about,
Being halfe aſleep, from a ſweet dreame wak'd out
And would haue heard more, but the charmer
The bird away by force; and ſo he ſlept; (ke
He ſlept, and *Cuſchillus* did ſing the while,
And pickt his teeth, and vſed many a wile

Regnum potius ab aſſentatoribus quã ab hoſtibus euertitur. F. Patr. Sen. Comm. De Inſt. Princ. lib. 5.

To ope his ouer-chap (for only he
Doth mooue his ouer-chap, the nether we:)
At last he tickled him, and forc't him so
To yawne and gape: then *Chuschillus* doth goe
Into his bellie, and the *Indian Rat*
Leapes quickly after; where they first search what
Close counsels, secret purposes, did fill
His darker bosome, were they good or ill;
But were they good or ill, it matters not,
For they pursue and prosecute their plot:
They gin to gnaw his bowels, and to rake (wake
His entrailes with their nailes; which paine doth
Him from his latest sleepe, and makes him crie
Aloud this counsell: Princes see ye trie
Before ye trust, Those seruants that be ill
At your commaund, for others money will
Betray you too: he easly will dispence
With greatest sinnes, who hath of smal no sence:
Beware of such as flatter by traduction,
Theile first be others, then be your destruction.
Beware of priuie whisperers and spies,
The truth they tell is but a sauce for lies:
Beware of Ledgers, for legerdemaine
With others beside Inglers doth remaine:
And cheating and crosse-biting Great ones may
In great things vse, as Little ones at play:
Beware of Clergie men their colour changing,
And in each place with lawlesse freedom ranging:
Take heede of Pensions, they haue often slept
In priuy Chambers, and at Counsell kept:
And if it be a truth which some haue tolde,
Good men haue had large sleeues to put vp golde.

Solus inter animalia superiorem mandibulam mouet Crocodilus. Isid.

Phil. Commineus: lib: 6. cap. 4.

VVith that he dies, and those that were within,
Striuing who first should greatest credit win;
By carrying newes of this accursed deede,
Hinder each other in their hastie speede:
And issuing out iust as his chaps did close,
Did their reward, life, fame, togither lose.
Yet euill report findes wings in euery place,
And this vnto the Sea-horse flies apace,
VVho making too much haste in top of pride,
Nothing before, behinde, nor bout him spide;
And so, for lacke of care, himselfe betraide
Into a pit-fall which himselfe had laid;
There he doth pine to death, and dying cries,
"VVho liues by treason, thus by treason dies.

Epimythium.

The *Crocodile* is a Hieroglyphicke of Honour or Nobilitie:

The *Hippopotame*, of Impiety, Ingratitude, and Basenesse.

1. These two haue continuall warre: and in that *Chameleon* and *Polypus* (the types of subtill dissimulation, and craftie hypocrisie,) ioyne with *Hippopotame* against the *Crocodile*; it giues Honour warning to beware of such who adapt themselues to please humors, to soothe grosse follies: for these though perhaps they seeme of their colour, weare theis liueries, follow their religion whome they depend vpon, will notwithstanding for gaine, *Iudas* like, kisse and betray them.

2. In that the time when this was done, is said

to

to be in peace after ſport: it ſhewes that Honour which ſprings from action, decaies wit h affectatiõ of peace, and ſleepes to death with immoderate pleaſure in the armes or bed of ſecuritie.

3. The touch of *Torpedo* warnes greatneſſe from ſloth, and to beware of ſuch charming counſellours as hide the truth of dangers from the eyes of States.

4. *Alcedos* warning the *Crocodile*, tels vs no danger comes without admonition: VViſedome cries out in the ſtreetes, it is our owne fault if ſtopping our eares we periſh wilfully.

5. In that *Chuſchillus* ſings the *Crocodile* a ſleepe, it tels vs, flatterie is the ruine of Honour; yet the flatterers note is ſweeter, and welcomer to the eare, then the admonition of friendſhip and true loue.

6. In that *Ichneumon* and *Cuſchillus* leape into his belly, it ſhewes Treaſon will purſue the blackeſt proiect with moſt bloudy and bolde violence; and will ſtriue to double that ſinne with ſlaunder and miſreport, which once they contriued, applauded, and perhaps perſwaded greatneſſe to commit.

7. In that *Hippopotame* fals into the *Egyptians* trap, it ſhewes what the Pſalmiſt ſaith, VVho digs a pit for another, fals therein himſelfe. Treaſon euer betraies the Traytor, elſe it were not right treaſon.

6. Phænix.

6. Phænix.

Phænix vnica dicitur esse auis, & in toto orbe terrarum singularis. Isid.

TH' Arabian *Phænix*, being noble, young,
And newly from his fathers ashes sprung,
Seeing how other birds did louers take
Of their owne kinde, would needs like trial make,
And thought by what good course he might preuent
His doubled ruine, and seeme prouident,
Where nature (as he iudg'd) defectiue stood,
In leauing single, such an absolute good.
His meanes was marriage, married he would be,
But where to choose a Make he could not see:
For choose he might and please his curious eyne,
Each bird made suite to be his Valentine.
The *Pehen* drest her selfe and spred her taile,
The *Turkey-hen* aduanc'd her spotted saile,
The *Turtle* left her mate to ioine with him,
The *Siluer-Swanne*, in ruffled pride did swimme,
The *Parakite*, and *Gold-finch*, Citie heires,
Offer'd him loue, and what besides was theirs:
The courtly *Pheasant*, gaudy *Popiniay*,
In varied coloures drest themselues that day:
The sweet *Canary* singer strouet'excell
The merry-making mournefull *Philomell*;
Who left deploring, and did mirth preferre:
Wishing the *Phænix* would haue rauish't her.
All these, with all besides the rest excelling,
Did woo him, proffer loue, their passions telling.

But

But all in vaine; the bird of Paradiſe,
Had with her pleaſing forme bewitcht his eyes.
He wooes, and winnes her too, with ſmall adoe,
" VVhere both deſire, both parties ſeeme to wooe.
And who would not deſire ſo rare a one,
VVhom all deſire, him to enioy alone?
They married are. Opinions equall voice,
Say both are happie in each others choice.
For ſhe was faire, and rare, and rich, and young,
And wiſe, and noble, and full ſweetly ſung;
In all compleate ſhe was, only did faile,
Hauing too ſmall a body for her taile.
This fault ſhe tooke by kind, it coſt her nought,
From her birth place the frailtie firſt ſhe brought.
And though by all good meanes ſhe ſtroue to hide
This naturall blemiſh, ſtill it was eſpide.
And ſpied the more, becauſe this corporall ill,
Being ſingle here, did each mans fancy fill.
That diſproportion doubles in the mind,
VVhere we it ſingle in the body finde.
And ſo it fell out here; not long they dwelt
In peace, but loues fire alteration felt,
And gan to ſlake and coole, where it ſhould not,
And where it ſhould be coole, it waxed hot.
She now did hate and loathe, the ſweete ſhe had,
And linger after ſomething that was bad.
Her taile was too too large for him to tread,
He too too little her to ouer-ſpread.
To ouer-ſpread her body was not much,
But her inſatiate taile, and mind was ſuch.
So weakeſt ſtomacks ſtrongeſt meates deſire,
So greateſt ſmoke riſeth from ſmalleſt fire.

So ſlender wits great matters vndertake,
So ſwift purſuite, doth ſlow performance make.
So th'appetite, by impotence is moued,
So ſhe (though little) euery great thing loued.
She lou'd al great, things and al rare things ſought,
But what ſhe had that ſhe eſteemed nought.
She had what others long'd for, and enioyde
VVhat all deſir'd: and that enioying cloyde.
And now ſhe ginnes to hate, and wiſh in hart,
A fit occaſion offer'd were to part.
But wanting ſuch, ſhe frames one: doth traduce,
And wound his honour for her owne excuſe.
And ſtill pretending modeſtly a cauſe,
Immodeſtlie ſhe triall claimes by lawes.
Although the *Phænix* her with teares did woo,
She ſeparation ſought, and gets it too.
The ſentence paſt, ſhe *Cynoſure* doth wed,
An vnknowne fowle, by th'ayre begot and bred.
He (following kind) trod oft, & quench her heate,
And ſhe laide oft, fild many a neaſt and ſeate
VVith addle egges; but neuer bird did ſpring,
Out of thoſe ſhells, nor other liuing thing.
Yet ſome in their opinions counted wiſe,
Say, that ſuch egges do hatch the Cockatrice.
Yet nothing from theſe ſpurious Embrions came
But naked promiſes, and open ſhame.
In memorie of whoſe vnhappy wombe,
That broght dead fruite forth, like a liuing tombe,
(Dead fruite much like faire apples all of ſmoake,
VVhich grow in *Sodome*, and the eaters choake,)
Each courtly Lady now vpon their head,
Do were a bird of Paradiſe, in ſtead

Of

Of a light feather; which doth warning giue,
How free from lightneſſe, Ladies ought to liue:
How conſtant they ſhould be, how firme in loue;
Not feather-like, apt with each breath to moue.
How well proportion'd, not ſo great below,
But leſſe in ſhew, and more in truth to know.
To fit the bottome with an equall ſaile,
And not to ouer-top the head with taile.
All this it tels them, and doth ſhew beſide,
How addle egges ſpring out of luſt, and pride.
How noble houſes by ignoble deedes,
Bury themſelues and their owne ruine breedes.
How beauty and all vertues of the mind,
Conioynde with wealth adorne not woman-kind.
Except with theſe, true chaſtity be placed,
And that againe, by modeſty be graced.
And now I will proceede to tell my ſtory,
How ſad the *Phænix* was in mind how ſory,
To be ſo ſlighted and ſo ill reſpected,
By her for whoſe ſake, he had all neglected.
This wounds his hart, and he reſolues too late,
All ſecond matches for the firſt to hate;
To liue alone, and neuer more to mind
Fond alteration, in the courſe of kind.
But griefe perplex't him ſo, he fear'd to dye,
E're he were fitted for poſterity.
And ſo his neaſt vnmade, he quickly might,
Both life, and name, and memory loſe outright.
This to preuent, his flight he nimbly takes
O're hilles and dales, o're deſarts, riuers, lakes,
O're kingdomes, coũtries, bounding Eaſt & Weſt,
And ſpices gathers vp to build his neaſt.

Which

VVhich made, and finding ſtill his former griefe,
Not cur'd but growing deſperate of reliefe,
Him better ſeemed by priuiledge of kind,
To kill his body, and renue his mind:
To leaue grief where it breeds with earth on earth,
And recreate his ſpirit with ſpritly birth,
(Like fire, which touching powder ſtrait reſolues
The groſſer parts; and each it ſelfe involues
In it's owne element) then ſo t'outweare,
And tyre away with griefe ſix hundred yeare.
(For ſo long liues the *Phænix*) but thought he,
So long he dyes that liues in miſery.
And therefore ſoone betakes him to his neaſt,
Where fore-prepar'd he findes his funerall dreſt.
The Sun ſhines bright and hot, he with his wings
Makes more the heate: and ſparkling diamonds
VVhoſe ſtrong reflectiõ, or retentiõ rather (bring
Either beats back the heate, or heate doth gather.
Which kindled (like dri'd leaues vñ burnig glaſſes)
Conſumes the neaſt, the bird, and all to aſhes.
Vpon theſe aſhes fruitfull dewes deſcend,
And the hot Sun his actiues beames do bend.
So heate and moiſture twixt them procreate,
A ſilly worme vnlike the Bird in ſtate,
But time doth giue it growth, & ſhape & feathers
And ſtill perfection from each hours it gathers.
Till to the former equall it appeares,
Or rather allone bird, except in yeares.
The rauenous *Vulture* wondring long had ſtood
To marke all this, within a neigbour wood.
Which hauing ſeene, ambition pricks her ſo,
That ſhe reſolues whatſ euer power ſaith no,

Exam

Example and direction hence to take,
Herſelfe and hers all *Phænixes* to make.
So calls ſhe firſt the Hee, and then the young:
And thus gan ſpeake to them with rauiſht tongue.
How much my power hath done, how much my wit,
You know, yet know ſome repetition fit.
I do the *Eagle* rule, (the birds braue king)
And worke him to my mind in euery thing.
He preyes on whom I liſt; ſtill on the beſt;
Eates what I ſtint him, and leaues you the reſt.
I gouerne euery *Hauke*, or bird of pray;
Such as confront the *Eagle*, me obay;
And make me ſharer in their richeſt prize,
And how to pleaſe me beſt, beſt meanes deuiſe.
I that deſpiſe Religion, ſcorne all law,
Doe binde all other birds to both by awe:
To both for my aduantage, elſe you know
I can prophane the Temple well enough;
Pollute the Altar; ſearch each graue, each tombe,
And dig out of the priuiledged wombe
Of hallow'd earth, dainties for you to lurch,
Mans fleſh, enſhrined in the ſacred Church.
You know I foſter Souldiers not for loue,
But to breed warres; the ſlaine my prey ſtil prooue;
All ſorts, profeſſions, kindes, I prey vpon,
When their ſweete fleſh is turn'd to carrion:
For carrion is my foode: let others kill
And hazzard life for life, we ſafely will
Eate the vnfortunate, the weake, diſtreſſed,
Whom want enfeebled, mighty power oppreſſed.
This is our practiſe. But I cald ye now
For higher aymes: to giue you notice how

We

VVe may aſpire in royalty and pride
Aboue the *Eagle*, and all birds beſide.
Much time, much ſtudy, with full large expence
Haue I beſtowed to gaine intelligence
Of a rare ſecret, which exceedeth farre
Th'*Alchimiſters* Idol, call'd th'Elixar.
This is, to vnderſtand and know aright
VVhat courſe to take, & how we compaſſe might
The glorious eminence, the ſingular grace
The famous *Phœnix* hath in euery place:
How to attaine her nature, beauty, ſtate;
And without copulation procreate.
At length my wit, my induſtry, and chance
Concurring, did this happineſſe aduance:
For watching lately, as I often did
In deſart vaſt, among thicke buſhes hid,
I ſawe (vnſeene) the myſtery throughout,
And can reſolue each rite, each ſcrupulous doubt
The circumſtance were needleſſe, whilſt the fact
Shall manifeſt each ſeuerall Scene, and act,
VVith happy iſſue; and accompliſh ſo
Our wiſhes, that we ſhall amazed goe;
Amazed goe, to ſee our ſelues ſo lowe,
So ſoone to ſuch a pitch of glory growe:
So ſoone tranſlated, metamorphoſed,
And new created from the foote to head.
Beyond our hopes, report, the preſent ſtation
Of other birds, almoſt to adoration.
Enquire not how, but each prepare t'obay
What I commaund, performance leades the way:
Hie one, hie all, to ſeuerall quarters flie,
And through the whole world make a ſcruteny
Fo

For aromaticke drugges, perfuming ſpices,
Rare pretious ſtones, rich iewels, ſtrange deuices.
Bring them togither, lay them on this hill,
And the ſucceſſe referre to my deepe skill.
The young ones all obeyde, but then the Male
Staid long t'enquire the reaſon of this tale.
Yet long he durſt not ſtay, leſt ſhee from thence
Should beate him, for his arrogant offence:
For Females of all rauening fowles beare ſway,
And the blacke *Vulture* is a bird of pray.
The Male nere meddles with young, meat, or neſt;
But ſhee commaunds, and he ſits like a gueſt.
He ſeeing her incenſt, away doth poſt
Ore many Seas, and many an vnknowne Coaſt,
And all the world ſurveyes from Eaſt to Weſt,
From North to South, and gathers what is beſt;
Sweet odoriferous ſpices, amber-greece,
The *Caſtors* ſtones, the *Ermins* ſpotted fleece,
Rich Luzerns, Sables, Martins, and the horne
Of the moſt precious-ſeld-ſeene *Vnicorne*.
The *Musk-cats* cod, with Rubies bluſhing red,
Quick-ſparkling Diamõds cutting glaſſe like lead;
Bright ſhining Carbuncles, and Saphires blew,
With Iaſper, Iacynth; Emralds greene in view;
Perſpicuous Chriſtall, orient Pearles large, round,
And Gold, for which man doth the Center ſound;
Blacke, white, greene, marble, inlaid Porphyry,
With Alablaſters for Imagerie:
Truth-trying Touch-ſtones, making thigs diſtinct,
And what rariety elſe within precinct
Of ample Nature dwels, they hither brought;
With which a curious neaſt ſhee neatly wrought.

To match whose wealth remaining earth was bace:
Her selfe, Mate, yong, each by theselues had place
In this most royall building. Then in state
Her selfe sate downe, and next her musing Mate.
Her yong ones, then in order, One, by One,
And now the Sunne shin'd hot on euery stone
The spice gan kindle, Now quoth shee I finde
My selfe halfe made immortall, changing kinde.
The fire flam'd fearcer then, & sing'd their wings:
Be constant Sirs quoth shee, you shall be kings.
Gold crownes are heauy, toyle is hard but gainfull
There is no excellent sweete but first is painefull.
They would haue flowne away, but 'twas too late
Quoth shee the *Phænix* dies, to liue in state.
With that shee sinkes, her neast and all combust
Her glorious hopes, and proiects turn'd to dust.
Which tels vs this: Pride still doth ouerbuild.
"Folly is not in architecture skil'd.
"Wit frames his Plot according to his state,
"And to a small house makes no lofty gate.
"But ouer-bold Ambition fires his neast,
"And prooues his houses shame, her house a ieal

Epimythium.

The *Phænix* betokens vnity in Religion. Th
was proper to the Iewes, but they forsooke it, a
the bird of Paradise did the *Phænix*. Then it eam
to the Gentiles, and seemed to returne to its own
nature to be vniuersall, not tyed to place, or Na
on, or person. The *Phænix* dyed, and out of th
Ashes arose a new *Phænix*. Christ came not to d
stro

ſtroy but fulfill the Law. The old faith remaines which was firſt preached in Paradiſe, the ceremonies only are aboliſhed, by the preſence of the thing ſignified. That ſeemes an other, which is the ſame truth. We Chriſtians poſſeſſe what the Iewes expected. They are diuorced (with the bird of Paradiſe) for their vnfaithfulneſſe & vnbeleefe; now they are wedded to the *Cynoſure* their owne wils and ſtiffenecked opinions and traditions. They treade and cackle, and lay egges; addle egges or rather adders egges, egges of winde without fruite, which neuer proue birds. They expect in vaine an other Meſſias to ſaue them, till the true Meſſias is ready to come to iudge them. They are a ſcattered people, hatefull to all where they inhabite.

The *Vulture* and her broode is the Clergie of Rome; where the ſhee or female preuailes. Shee will be called the Mother Church, which is truly the whoore of Babylon, the Malignant Church, the Aduerſarie, the Antichriſt. Shee builds to her owne ruine, her power and policie ſhall ouerthrow it ſelfe. Shee ſhall burne in her owne neaſt. Let all ſuch therefore as loue the truth, and would ſaue their ſoules, come out of her.

7. Vnio.

THe *Mole*, *Chameleon*, and the *Salamander*,
As neere the Ocean they togither wander,
Spying at sea the *Lamprey*, haild him thus:
Good day my friend to you and eke to vs.
We three are met to argue and debate
Which of vs liueth in the happiest state;
Whether the ayre, the earth, or fire doth giue
To what they breede best fust enance to liue.
And we would gladly heare how farre the sea
May with fire, ayre, and earth compared be.
You happily we met as we would wish,
Being a prompt, deepe diuing, subtill fish,
And ablest to resolue vs. Come then shew
The life you leade, and learne our liues to know.
The *Lamprey* soone consents. And first the *Mole*
Doth thus begin. Deare friends I left my hole
To breath the open ayre whose light I hate,
T'acquaint ye with the blessings of my state.
And to perswade ye, if ye loue your rest
To liue with me in peace, and plentie blest.
It fits me first to speake, for I had first
My being, long before the earth was curst.
Darkenesse was not created, tis as old (mould
As that great workeman which the whole dot
But light was made long after, and doth show
That ignorance is elder then to know.

Demogorgon omnium Deorum primus, in media terra degens, crassissima nebula circumdatus, situ obductus est. Ima. Deorum. ex Boccacio. Quod non est cognitum est ens. Arist. lib. 3 de gener. & corr.

The workemans ſelfe in cloudy darknes keepes,
For no eye ſees or when he wakes, or ſleepes.
He loues not euery curious foole ſhould ſee
What ioyes, what treaſures, in obliuion bee.
The worthy Grecian would haue learn'd that Art,
For ignorance is wiſedomes better part.
When al was *Chaos* firſt the Center ſtood,
And all the ſolide parts, call'd earth. The flood
Was next, being ponderous. The ayre flew higher,
And as a hedge to all was placed fire. (forth
What firſt was plac'd was worthieſt, and brought
The firſt of creatures and beſt things of worth.
And firſt it brought forth things that were below;
The roote had life, before the fruit did grow.
And we (earths darlings) had our ſhape within
Er'e you without. Nor doe th'effects of ſin (ſought
(Ambitious ſinne which light and knowledge
And (fondly curious) blinde obedience thought
A bare direct) or ſo afflict and kill
Vs here within, as you who ſhare in ill
Of puniſhment and guilt with fooliſh Man;
Yet no way from his rule acquit yee can.
You dwell with him, and die with him. But we
Are earth by nature procreated free.
And our forefathers cuſtomes ſtill obay,
Doe as they did, and follow their blind way.
Not ſtriuing buſily our wits t'approoue
By ſearching doubts, but rather ſhew our loue,
By louing euen their errors that are gone,
Or reuerently beleeuing they had none.
Our dyet is moſt choice, on rootes we feede,
And reliſh firſt the ſweete of euery ſeede.

Impoſſibile eſt ſcire quid eſt ignorare, ſi eſt. Poſterior. lib. 2.

Plutarch. vita, Themiſtocl.

Socra. Hoc ſcio me nihil ſcire.

Ovid. Metam. lib. 1.

Omne quod fit à natura, fit ſecundum ordinem. Ariſt. lib. 16. Animal.

Humum egerit Talpa, & radices ſubtra comedit & corrodit. Iſidore. l. 12.

You liue on th'excrement, and doe not know,
That fundamentall vertue springs below.
Besides you liue like slaues, but I am free,
Though bloody-minded Man oft seekes for me.
The *Lyon* did pretend because I haue
Foure feete, that I by nature was his slaue:
He call'd for this a Councel, sent for me
To sweare to his seruile supremacy.
But I (refusing th'othe) to spite him more
Did vndermine his Councell Chamber flore.
And had not light (damn'd light) my plot bewrai'd
He had to hell sunke by the traine I laide.
But light discouered me, and since that deede
I loath light more, and doe in darknesse breede.
Darknes thou sweete companion, friend of sleepe,
How I delight in thee. VVith thee doth keepe
All that man seekes for, euery secret plot,
Darke mystery, close stratageme; what not?
Inuisible wealth, with treasures manifold,
But chiefe Mans soule, his god, almighty gold.
This man knowes well, & knowing learnes of me
To dig and delue till in his graue he bee.
Then all proclaime him happy: say he is
At peace and rest, and doth enioy all blisse.
And such say truth: for he returnes againe
To his first being, and doth so remaine.
Contentment with darke ignorance doth dwell,
"And light and knowledge only maketh hell.
Then without farther strife liue all with me,
If you will taste no paines, nor errours see.
The changeable *Chameleon* laught out-right,
To heare the blinde *Mole* raile so much at light.

Omnia corrumpuntur in ea ex quibus sunt. Ar. lib. 3. Metaphy.

An

And ſaid; Your darke ſpirits cannot conceiue
The bleſſed fruite that we from light receiue.
Let fooles depend on faith implicatiue,
Wiſemen into the depth of truth will diue.
Darkneſſe and ignorance, which you ſuppoſe
Had an eternall being, are the foes
Of all eternall beings: and indeede
Are voide in nature without fruite, roote, ſeede.
Darkneſſe is but the abſence of cleare light.
As error is the ignorance of right.
So theſe two are vacuities, want being;
Not ſeene by others, nor yet others ſeeing.
Frō Nothing nothing ſprings; ſomthing there was
From whence this vniuerſall frame, this Maſſe
Of ſtrange-agreeing contrarieties
Had eſſence: and 'twas ſomething that had eyes:
For ſure it was not ignorance, nor night,
They could not ſee to order things ſo right.
But it was knowledge, wiſedome, light, and truth,
Figur'd in mature age, and actiue youth.
The priuiledge you pleade, Antiquity
Prooues onely, that of old you vs'de to lye;
And that all truth you hate, for truth doth run
Still to the light, and you the light doe ſhun:
And where you challenge your creation firſt,
It is not like Nature would make the worſt
Before the beſt; except this can preferre
Your claime, that as young workmen vſe to erre
In their firſt workes; ſo Nature firſt did trie
To make right eyes, by making yours awrie:
But rather truth it is; ſhee did beſtow
Labour in framing others; but for you,

Tenebræ ſunt priuatio luminis. Ariſt. lib. 2. de Anima.

Ariſt. de gener. & corrup. lib. 1.

Talpa ſolem odit & fugit Iſid.
Omne Animal generans ſibi ſimile habet oculos; præter talpam. &c. Ariſt.
Talpa non habet oculos quia in generatione eius natura læditur. Ariſt. lib. 4. de Animal.

Talpa Rostrum habet ad modum porci.

She left you to corruption, night, and chance,
Which made your eyes such, such your counte-
And your tame-blinde obedience wel befits (nâce:
Such earth-bred, doltish, dull, and sluggish wits.
But ayerie Spirits acquainted with the light,
Will not be led by custome from the right.
No loue, no friends, no predecessor shall
Peruert their iudgements; they examine all.
And for the foode he boast to eate, boast stil;
No roote, herbe, fruite of yours I handle will.
They are corrupted. Ayre doth onely giue
True nourishment, and happiest meanes to liue.
The sick-man shewes this, who the weather fayer,
Remoues for health, from close to th'open ayer.

Talpa, Corium tumpitur quando incipit mori, et tum incipit aperire oculos. Arist.

And for the light, your death doth it approue;
When only then your eyes are seene to moue.
Then you begin to see, and loath the kinde
Which being blinde themselues brought you v
Bereauing you of many a blessed sight (blind
Which we enioy, who loue and liue in light.
Your freedome from all beasts I like. Tis ill
To be subiected to an others will:
But that to your superiors I doe hate,

Aer fi- Cameleonti Cibus. Chameleon gyrat oculos suos frequenter circumquaqi. Arist.

And therefore am exilde from euery state:
I liue a poore thin creature, by the ayer;
My selfe I feede with hopes, others with prayer.
My eyes I oft lift vp, and rolle about,
Desiring to be seene to be deuout.
But neither with my bulke, nor with my backe
Supply the least defect of others lacke.
I beare no wooll to clothe, no flesh to feed;
Let sheepe and Calues releeue the poore that nee

I rauiſh't go with a diſtracted looke,
And turne my minde, ſtill, as I turne my booke.
My will doth leade my conſcience, not my wit,
And euery riddle for my purpoſe fit:
Hating whatſ'ere is old, I loue the new
And to all purpoſes, change my ready hue.
My fleſh is low, my ſpirit high and proude
Doth contradict what order hath allow'd.
I faſt when others feaſt, I feaſt when they faſt,
And with Angelicall food I doe out-laſt
All Gormandizers. Come then, liue with me
All that loue life and light, and would be free,
The *Salamander* hearing this diſcourſe,
Sayd. Sure you both do argue without force.
Darke ignorance our nature doth contemne;
And curious ſearch wiſe Magiſtrates condemne.
By blindnes we our wants and dotage ſhew:
To thoſe, not reuerence, but reproch is dew,
Not priuatiue blindenes, our antiquity ſhowes,
But only that which by long ſeeing growes.
But you blinde Mole doe ignorance affect,
Which breds deriſion, ſcorne and diſreſpect.
For what a ſenſeleſſe part is this in you,
Your fathers faults and errors to allow?
And not much rather to reforme your owne,
By ſhunning the defects, which they haue ſhown?
Your foode is groſſe and earthy; dirt and mould
Mixt with old rootes, do much corruption hould.
Yet (though they gin to die, with age to wither)
The good with bad (being old) you cram togither.
This makes my fiery ſpirit ſcorne to keepe (ſleepe.
In your darke celles, where knowledge ſeemes to

Illud quod eſt in corpore ſuo eſt modi. ez carnis.

But

But you *Chameleon* with a hand too bold,
Oppose, contemne, and scorne, what's ere is old.
You only loue to see, but not to doe,
You dote on knowledge and on error too.
'Tis error, in our sight to ouerweene,
And but our owne, all iudgements disesteeme.
'Tis error to be fondly ouerwise,
Too pure, too iust, too perfect, too precise,
There is a meane. For knowledge sure doth liue
Only, where it doth good to others giue.
You too too saucy hidden secrets handle,
And too too fond your owne conceits do dandle,
And cocker with obseruance: being so
A friend to superstition, though a foe.
The light you vse, is borrowed not your owne,
The colours that you see, their ground vnknown,
Your darke imperfect, double glimmering sight,
Is but th'extended beames of greater light.
Arising from vicinity of fire,
To which the purest elements aspire.
In their refined parts, the earth in gold
And pretious stones, doe some resemblance hold.
The sea in salt, in Pearles, in dewes that rise,
And to the Sunne-ward with ambition flies.
The ayer in colours and in Meteors bright,
Which the Sunnes place vsurpe in darkest night.
Tis fire alone that searcheth and refines,
And doth diuide the grosse from purer mines.
Tis fire that makes grasse, herbe, and tree to grow:
Melts the seas Icie chaines, & th'earths cold snow.
It cheers the young, it cherisheth the old,
Reuiues the dying, makes the Coward bold.

Corpus pellucidum illuminatur per reflectionem, corpus celeste solum per se. Com. in Arist. lib. 1. Mete.

Lux est visibilis per se: color verò, mediante Luce. Com. in Ari. 1. 5. de Anima.

Nothing

Nothing without it can be ſaid to liue,
Whatſ'ere hath being, it doth glory giue.
Which makes me to determine, that the light
Which you inuiſible call, is but a ſprite
Made by your feare, and ſtrong imagination,
Without true being, eſſence, or foundation.
For light the greater tis, doth more appeare,
So would that light of lights, if ſuch there were.
My iudgement therefore in this rule doth run,
Theres nothing greater then the glorious Sunne.
Here I ſet downe my reſt. And for the ſchooles,
That teach beleefe, let them ſtill tutor fooles.
From your contention, my inſtruction ſprung;
And thus I learnd to thinke when I was yong.
The *Mole* doth feed too much on earthly meat,
And the *Chameleon* nought but ayre doth eat.
I neither like your faſt, nor yet your feaſting,
For twixt you two all earneſt turnes to ieaſting.
And doth perſwade me think, there is no food,
In earth or ayre, that doth or hurt or good.
So all my knowledge, practiſe, life, doth chime,
According to the current, ſtate, and time.
I thinke they'r only gulls, that liue in awe
Of any thing but want, death, and the law.
I quench all fiery zeale wherеſ'ere I come,
I would haue policy ſpeake, Religion dumbe.
I poiſon with my breath, both foe and friend,
And to my pleaſure do each proiect bend.
In briefe I only am a freeman borne,
Who loue my ſelfe alone, and others ſcorne.
The *Lampry* hearing this damn'd Atheiſt tell,
A tale befitting none but *Machiauel*,

Omnia elementa putrefiunt, præter ignem. Ariſt. lib. 4. Meteo.

Stellæ enim non videntur de die propter lumen ſolis. Com. A. 1 3. de Anima.

Salamandræ tantus eſt rigor vt ignem tactu extinguat ſicut glacies. Pli. l. 10. fructus arborum inficit, aquas corrumpit. Ex quibus ſiquis comederit vel biberit Mox necatur. Plin. l. 10.

Thruſt

Thrust his eye-guarded head aboue the brim,
Of the rug'd waues, and to the shore did swim.
And on his slippery belly gan to slide,
Till he came neere the *Salamanders* side.
Thou cursed slaue (quoth he) though I proceede
From some of thy neere kin, of serpents seede,
And am halfe serpent, as thou wholly art,
Yet I am halfe a fish; and euen that part
Prouokes me contradict the cursed note,
Which thou did'st vomit frō thy venomd throat.
Thy Pedigree is lyneally deriued
From that great serpent, which at first depriued
The rest of feete; and being ouerwise
Guld credulous man of glorious Paradise.
Still thou partak'st that nature, and each tree
Thy tongue or teeth touch, so infected be
In roote and fruit, that who so eate doth die,
Poyson'd b'accurst cold infidelity.
Too light beleefe, and too too earnest thirst
Of curious knowledge, causde death enter first:
But now thy skill hath brought it so about,
That hearing, seeing, feeling, still we doubt.
And flying one extreame, we fondly fall
Into the contrary; wise, fooles, and all.
Yet blindnesse better is, then hauing eyes,
Not t'acknowledge truthes, but count them lyes.
Tis better to be doubtfull what we know,
Then to be Truthes profest and open foe.
The *Mole* and the *Chameleon* better are,
And neerer truth, then thou thy selfe by farre.
Yet the *Chameleon* somewhat doth resemble
Thy nature, but he can more close dissemble.

Murena non à suo simili concipitur, sed à serpente. Isid. lib 12, cap. 6.

Dubitatorum solum modo est veritatis inquisitio. Arist. Metap. l. 3.

He

He is not ſo prophane, ſo impious, bold
To call all truth in doubt, both new and old;
Thogh he giues darkenes not the praiſe he ought,
And too too curious after knowledge ſought:
Yet he confeſſeth that there is a light
He cannot ſee, through th'impotence of ſight.
But you all light and knowledge doe confine
Within the Sunne, as if it were diuine:
And like a deſperate traytor, fooliſh theefe,
From Art and Nature ſteale, to kill beleefe.
Come thē good fellowes (quoth the *Lamprey*) take
This monſter vp amongſt vs; let vs make
Him an example of our iuſtice ſhowne,
Vpon Truthes foe, ſo manifeſtly knowne.
With that he nimbly twines himſelfe about
The *Salamander* (being quicke and ſtout:)
Chameleon and the *Mole*, the *Lamprey* ayde
Which makes the *Salamander* much diſmai'd.
Yet he doth lay about with tongue, teeth, nayles,
And bites them all, but oddes at length preuailes.
And they remaining victors caſt him downe
From the ſteepe cliffe, and ſo the Atheiſt drowne.
Then comming backe, they two the *Lamprey* pray
His wiſe opinion of their ſtrife to ſay:
That they may know to which part he enclines,
Whether to darkeneſſe, or where ſplendor ſhines.
He ſoone conſents, and telles how he (by kinde
Bred and brought vp in mud) is of the minde
The *Mole* ſpake truth. For happineſſe (quoth he)
Conſiſts in what we haue, not what we ſee.
And ſight prouokes vs wiſh, and couet change
And ſo in boundleſſe, endleſſe, toyle we range.

He

He

He that knowes most, knowes best what he doth
The losse of *Paradise* is onely this: (misse,
The simple innocent truth this instance fameth;
Man in the darke being naked nothing shameth.
Thus he discourst, then tels how he behaues
Himselfe in darknesse vnderneath the waues:
How he prefers old Ignorance before (fore
New Knowledge, and (I wot) knowes cause there-
Shewes how for his opinion he was brought
Before the *Whale*, yet long in vaine was sought:
Tels how he scapes the search by many creeks
And winding holes, when *Hippiez* him seekes:
For they (*Phænician Crefishes* being swift)
Are Purseuants which he can hardly shift:
Yet he hath learned counsell, who directs
His whole proceeding when he ought suspects.
First subtile *Polypus* to whom he cleaues,
And seeming part of him the search deceaues.
Then turbulent *Mugil*, who doth raise the mud,
And such a colour mingle with the flood,
That no eye can discouer where he lyes,
And so he often scapes the craftie spies.
Then creepes to stones that ly on salt and sand,
(Not to the Corner-Stone on stedfast land:)
And if by chance they finde him spite of these,
And so attach him, then he can with ease
Slip through their fingers, or himselfe vnwinde,
By leauing some part of his slime behinde.
He can equiuocate, and double so,
That euery way at once he seemes to goe:
Yet once he taken was, and brought to triall,
Where with his doubtfull answers, stiffe deniall,

Lamprey quasi Lampetra. Of licking rockes. Camden.

Lowe

Lowe crouching, smoothe conuayance, flattering
He scap't th'Exchequor, Prison, & th'Assise. (guise
Then being askt, why darker ignorance
Before the light he did in speech aduance.
He answers, first it was to trie his wit;
Not that he held it to be true or fit.
Againe, because small vse of light he had,
He to make some fooles like himselfe was glad.
With these slie answers, and great friends beside,
And faithfull bribes, he did from danger glide:
And such feed-friends he had in euery Court,
And euery office, that the least report
Of threatned danger rounded him in th'eare
To shift his seate before the storme came neare.
Then shewes he, how the better to disguise
His double face, he had two rowes of eyes:
As though he lou'd all knowledge and all light.
But (quoth he) onely two of these haue sight;
The rest are hypocriticall and blinde:
Yet their appearãce calmes the *Whales* fearce mind.
Whose easie nature open to abuse,
Takes shew for substance, colour for excuse.
I thus adapt and frame my selfe to follow
The *Whales* commaund, although my heart be hol-
I liue at quiet, offices obtaine, (low.
Place in the warres, and in the *Coram* gaine.
All which shall turne vnto the *Whales* destruction:
If euer great fish, mooue but insurrection:
For Ile discouer all when time shall fit;
"Who trusts a halfe-friend, hath not halfe his wit.
Whil'st thus he argu'd, and the *Mole* grew proud,
To heare affected ignorance allow'd:

And

And that ſo many in that large dominion,
Remain'd vpholders of his ſtiffe opinion.
The thin *Chameleon* gan looke bigge, and ſwell,
And each complain'd himſelfe he was not well.
Then but too late, they found how they were ſtũg
And poyſon'd by the *Salamanders* tongue.
There was no helpe, but die they muſt. In vaine
They weepe; and each to other ſhew their paine,
Till Iuſtice did by death their paine conclude,
With tragick end cloſing their enterlude.

Epimythium.

The *Mole* is the blind, obſtinate, refractary Romiſh Catholike, who hath no other anſwer or reaſon for any article of faith, or point of religion, but this: My Predeceſſors were of this opinion, and they were wiſer then I am. His Poſitions are 1. *Ignorantia Mater eſt deuotionis.* 2. *Cæca obedientia meruit ex condigno.* 3. *Fides implicatiua ſufficit.* He obeies that which he cals the mother Church before God, who is his heauenly Father. For he had rather brake ten of his commandements, then one of hers. Gods Sabboth day is his play day, and euery Saints day his Sabboth. What he ſpends on Chriſtmas day, he ſpares one Aſhwedneſday, and Goodfryday. And this is his generall rule, two faſting daies, makes the third a glutton. The *Chameleon* is in *England* a Familiſt, at *Amſterdam* a Browniſt, at an Anabaptiſt. He liues by the ayre, and there builds Caſtles and Churches. None on the earth will pleaſe him: He would be

of the triumphant and glorious Church, but not of the terrene militant Church, which is subiect to stormes, deformities, and many violences and alterations of time: he must finde out Sir *Thomas Mores Vtopia*, or rather *Platoes* Community, and be an *Elder* there. In this point, and in that of resisting ciuill gouernours, he seemes the same with the Romish Catholicke. But they are tyde onely by the taies, like *Sampsons* foxes, their heads like *Ianus* looke diuers waies: they are *Boutefewes*, and carry betwixt them a fire-brand to inflame al Christendome: they haue in their imaginations an *Idea* of such a Church, and such keies as the Romanists madly boast they possesse: but they will not haue them the same, nor to resemble theirs. Foolish *Alchimisters* they are both, seeking a *Philosopers* stone, and neglecting the true *Elixar*, the *Corner-stone*: they boast to build golde on the foundation, when what they daube on is adulterate stuffe, laid beside the foundation: they beggar themselues in seeking for wealth abroad, whilst at home they neglect that Pearle of inestimable price, for which the wise Merchant giues all that he is worth. If euer I could heare *Papist* cleare the *Pope* from being *Antichrist*, and proue he must be one singular Person, I would then beleeue that he should not spring from a Iew of the tribe of *Dan*, as they fable; but from a promiscuous coniunction betwixt two fugitiues, to *Amsterdam* and *Rome*.

The *Salamander* is the *Atheist*, he is contrary to himselfe, and hatefull to others; he poysons all with whome he conuerseth, and knowes some Phi-

losophy, no Diuinity. Hee seekes all wisedome in himselfe, where the Tutor is the Master foole; and is so inquisitiue after the cause, that he forgets both the end and the causer. His reason is his god, and that being false, is not able to direct him to search and see the true God. Thus he is drown'd in the sea of his owne foolish and boundlesse imaginations; and being borne a prettie childe, is brought vp for his mothers Cocknie, spends his youth like a witty foole, his Manhood like a reasonable beast, and his age (if iudgement cut him not off) like a diuell incarnate.

Lampreya quasi Lampetra Of licking the rockes. Camden in Wrostershire.

The *Lampre*y is the subtill shotten Catholike of Church Papist. He coosens the law and his owne soule too. He is worse to trust then the open and profest recusant. He hath no good conscience, for *Conscientia est scientia cum alia scientia.* No good zeale, for zeale is *Intentio virtutum theologicarum.* An opposite to Hypocrisie, with which he clokes himselfe from all penal statutes. He is neither fish nor flesh; but halfe fish, and halfe serpent, as they say which write of the generation of the *Lamprey.* A Man may easily surfet of such meate, and a State soone indanger it selfe by suffering such to increase. There is no law can meete with their fraud. The Churchwarden is his Coppiholder. The Parson is his Chaplaine. These dare not present him. A fine will vndoe the first, and a prohibition begger the other: yet these the law presumes must first speake or none. If these doe their office, the lewd are perhaps his tenants, he is a Iustice of peace, a great man their neighbour. If they finde him

guilti

guilty, there are pillars in the Excheaquer: or if these faile, a friend or kinsman in Court makes all sure. These scape thus themselues, and shelter others in their houses and abroad. Because the State through conniuence accepting a weake and imperfect shew of conformity, giues credit to their conuersions, and intrusts them in place where they may doe mueh hurt. The goods, leases, and monies of the meaner and more resolute sort are past ouer to these, and passe free vnder their priuiledges and protections. The Character to know these is this. They come to Church once a moneth, and then when Prayers are done and the Psalmes sung perhaps at the beginning of the sermon. They are pragmaticall, and haue for the most part trauail'd and brought home ignorance: they are stiffe and inflexible, and call it strength to oppose truth and reason. They extol forraigne gouernment, & slight all domesticke graces. They magnifie the *Infanta*, the *Archduke*, and *Spinola*; but vilifie his *Excellence* and the *States*. They will dispute of scandalls, or what may seeme scandalous, and that only at tables, where if you stop their mouthes with arguments, they pretend they could say more, but that their mouthes are stopt with meate. They trauaile still on Sundaies, and remooue against Easter.

8. *Struthiocamelus.*

A Wealthy Merchant late in *Barbary*,
Through ſãdy deſarts paſſing; chanc't to ſpie
An *Oſtrich* eating iron which he found,
By Trauellers ſcattered vpon the ground:
Quoth then this Merchant; prithee let me know
What nouriſhment, can from thoſe mettals grow
The *Oſtrich* anſweres; Sir I do not eate
This iron, as you thinke I doe, for meate.
I only keepe it, lay it vp in ſtore,
To helpe my needy friends, the friendleſſe poore
I often meete (as farre and neere I goe)
Many a fownderd horſe, that wants a ſhooe:
Seruing a Maſter that is monyleſſe:
Such I releue and helpe in their diſtreſſe.
With Trauellers I meete that are beſet
By theeues and robbers often. Then I get
My ſelfe among the thickeſt, and preſent
Out of my maw a piſtoll ready bent,
A ſword and dagger, or ſome ſuch like toole,
To helpe the true man, and the theefe to coole.
The Merchant mus'de as well he might at this,
And thought within himſelfe; this fellow is
Moſt fit for my imployment, I will ſtraight
Hire him to be my bailieffe. No deceit
Lurkes in his ſimple ſhew; he'le ſurely keepe,
My plow-yrons, when my lazie hindes doe ſleep

Tantæ caliditatis eſt Struthiocamelus vt ferrum deglutit, dirigit, & conſumit. Iſid.

Ti

This to the *Oſtrich* motion'd, he agrees,
The wages are ſet downe, the vailes, the fees,
The liuory, with circumſtance enough,
And they come home. And now God ſpeed the (plough.
The *Oſtrich* carefully laies vp the rakes,
The pitchforke-tines, the iron-pointed ſtakes,
The wedges, hammer, hatchet, and the nailes,
The ſithe, the ſickle, and the biles of pailes,
The ſhare, the coulter, heele-yorne, and the cocke,
The whip, the horſe-ſhooe, with the key and lock.
He needes no locke and key to keepe them vnder,
But keeps both lock & key, where you wold won-(der.
Then comes into the houſe, puts vp the gun,
The ſword and dager; and when this is done,
Deuoures the dripping-pan, the cob-irons, ſpit,
And ſwallowes all the yron bit by bit.
The Merchant praiſ'd his fortune, that he had
Got one ſo good, mong'ſt many ſeruants bad.
Tolde him he ſhortly would his ſtate preferre,
From being Bailiffe, to be Treaſurer;
For he could not invent a ſurer hold,
Then th'*Oſtrich* had for ſiluer, or for gold.
And now the Merchant leauing one at home,
That he may well truſt, goes abroad to rome:
Neglects his houſe and lands, thinkes all is well,
And as he wont to do, doth buy and ſell.
Mong'ſt other things he ſold, becauſe the wars
Began afreſh, he truct for yron barres.
For he was one of thoſe that would for gaine,
Sell bullets, where they were ſhot home againe,
And did our Mines & Woods on Ordnãce waſte,
Which ſpite of lawes, he to the Enemy paſt.

Much yorne he had at home, and solde beside
All kinde of armour fit for such a tyde.
So home he comes glad of so good a mart,
For here he knowes the *Ostrich* playes the part
Of a good Bailiffe. He may easly thriue,
When such a full winde doth his fortune driue.
His land he finds vntill'd, he wonders then
And thinkes the fault rests in his lazy Men.
They say they wanted yrons for the plough,
He wonders, for the Bailiffe had enough.
He finds his house all naked, not a bit
Of meate prepar'd, the Cooke wants pot, and spit
He goes to bed, the theeues assault his house:
He hath no weapon to resist a Mouse.
He riseth early, lookes for his munition,
The place remaines, no yron in fruition.
His barres are gone, his household stuffe and all,
Now to account he doth his Bailieffe call.
The seruants ioyne in their petition first,
And shew their griefes, how hard he was, and curst
How he kept backe their wages and their meate,
And gaue them worke, but gaue them not to eate
How he neere hand had made a monstrous neast
Where whilst they fasted, he and his did feast.
And thither he convaide the yron worke
Where the shee *Ostrich* and his young did lurke:
Who swallow'd all; for they haue mawes as large
As culuerings, which would as soone discharge
The yron loade; and sooner farre would spend,
And bring a world of wealth to lauish end.
The *Ostrich* to excuse himselfe bewraies
The place where safely he this yron laies.

Carrie

Carries him to a priuate hole, where still
He dung'd, when he his mawe did ouer-fill.
Quoth he if you can good distinction make,
Each seuerall peece you may from hence vptake.
The plow-geares, cart-geares, & the tooles for war,
Spits, pots, and cobirons, here together are.
Each wedge, knife, hammer, and the smallest naile,
Drawne lymbeck wise through stomack guts and taile.
It's a rare chymicall extraction now,
Better then all the drugs the Mount-bankes show.
It passeth our elixar, or the stone
Sought for by many, but attaind by none.
Th'obstruction of the Liuer, and the spleene,
It opens, mollifies, and purgeth cleane.
A secret t'is assurd, for madnesse, folly,
Wild iealousie, ahd clowdy melancholly,
It cures the Gout, and qualifies the cause,
Suppling a hide bound purse like th'oile of lawes.
It dries vp humors, humors that abound,
And mans weake body it makes safe and sound.
The merchant stood amazed, but at the last,
He seazde vpon the *Ostrich*, held him fast:
Made him be tide behind a horse, and stript,
(His buttocks bare as now they be) and whipt.
Ransackt his neast, and brake before his face
His egs, though his poore Hen in hope of grace,
Did sue for their repriuall. But in vaine,
He looks to find his Iron there againe.
Which missing he proceeds, exiles him quite,
And then vpon his gate this note doth write.

Let Rich men wisely feare,
All such as feathers weare,

Stercus fetri eximium rarumque medicamentum ad omnes iocineris & splenis obstructiones. Mathiol. Medicamentum exiccatorium. Idem. Mathiol.

They are called his egs, because he trod the hen that laid them.

It's lost whatsoere they borrow,
And soone their mawes goes thorow:
The substance they consume
To nought but smoke and rhume:
But th'vse they neuer faile
To pay with tongue and tayle.

Naturaliter equum odit. Arenam fodit & ibi ponit oua sua quæ sabulo cooperit & tegit.

The *Ostrich* euer since his breeches lost,
Goes like a naked rogue at whipping post.
He hates a horse to death, since he was stript,
And for his fault, ti'de at his taile and whipt.
He hides his egges, and couers them from sight,
Lest man should finde & breake them. Thus they (write.

Epimythium.

The *Merchant* figureth Parsimony, the *Ostrich* Prodigality; what the one gathers, the other spends. Ages, nations, and particular persons haue their alternall variations and vicissitudes, euen in gathering and expence, as in all other passages. There be few scraping fathers, but their children prooue witty scatterers, or foolish retainers: experience of many ages scarce produce one contradiction to this general obseruation. The father vseth no more diligence in damning his soule by getting goods vnlawfully, then the sonne doth in spending them prodigally: Let this therefore learne *Vsurers*, *Ingrossers*, and *Oppressors* of all professions, (if they loue their wealth, and would not haue it wasted; or loue their children, and would not haue them vndone) to secure their estates rather from their children, then for them: It is not the want, but

but the enioying of abundãce that vndoes many men. The rich father who dares bestow nothing on himselfe; and the prodigall sonne that spends all on others, and keepes nothing for himselfe, are the miserablest beggers in the world. Others haue pittie and prouision to helpe them, these nothing but derision and scorne. No Hospitall will entertaine them; onely the father finds roome in Bedlame, and the sonne a hole in the Counter or a dungeon in Newgate.

9. Onocrotalus.

9. *Onocrotalus.*

WHilome within the Persian gulfe did hant
A fowle much like our greedy *Cormorant*,
Cald *Onocrotalus*, who vsde to pray,
On fish, or fowle, or beast which past his way.
He had a crop vnder his bosome wide,
In compasse like a sacke, and thereto side.
Much harm and spoile he did, for none could passe
But fild his pouch, if bird, beast, fish, it was.
At length th'oppressed birds, with fish, and beast,
Petition to their Soueraignes, and request
Aide and protection gainst the open wrong,
This tyrant daily did, and had done long.
The beasts vnto the *Lyon* made complaint,
Birds to the *Eagle*. Fishes did acquaint
The Seas great Emperor the *Whale*, with greefe,
They all sustain'd, and all implor'd releefe.
Long was it ere they could be heard, for still,
The *Cormorant*, (for so we call him will)
Had many friends in euery Court, which he
Maintaind with large shares, and full liberall fee.
For still his gorge full laden, ready stood,
And whē they mist elsewhere they here had food,
Food of eche kind, for euery stomacke fit,
And such as fauorites were had part of it.
Long thus he put them off, yet at the last,
By counter-bribes their weake petitions past.

Onocrotalus est auis duos habens ventros. In vno recipit, in alio decoquit. Isid

The

The *Eagle* first did seeke him, and he found,
The theefe where he wold wish, vpon the ground.
Quoth he, wel met, are you the fowle that pray,
Vpon our harmlesse subiects night and day,
That none can this way passe and vse his trade,
But is a subiect to your fury made?
Not I sir (quoth the *Cormorant*) I am one,
That liue in contemplation all alone.
This poke I beg with to sustaine my need,
And I no fowle am but a beast indeed.
Quoth then the *Eagle*, wherefore serue thy wing?
O (quoth the *Cormorant*) thou mighty King
Of feathered fowles, these two are my forefeet,
Held vp to honor thee, with reuerence meet.
And that thou maist be ful resolu'd, and know
That I vnto the *Lyon* duty owe,
As subiects to their Soueraignes, not to thee,
Without thou wilt vsurpe authority,
And into other neighbour Realmes incroch,
(Which to thy iustice were a fowle reproch)
Heare but my voice. With that he steps aside,
And in the water thrusts his wezand wide,
And like an *Asse* gan bray. The *Eagle* straight
Hearing his voice, suspected no deceit,
But past away to seeke what now he saw,
When the late noyse he made did thither draw
The kingly *Lyon*, who did hunt about,
As th'other did to find th'oppressor out.
And when he spide him; what art thou quoth he
The beast gainst whom so many plaine to me?
O noble Lyon quoth the *Cormorant*,
I am a fish, the water still I hant.

Rostrum in aquam mergens horridum facit sonum, Asinino more. Isid.

And

And here I take my food, and lead my life,
Free from oppression, and each cause of strife.
Why, quoth the *Lyon*: now I heard thee bray
Like to an *Asse*. True, True, my Lord ye say,
Quoth this smooth hypocrite, for I would faine
Be like an *Asse*, so innocent and plaine:
I loue beasts well, and next your excellence,
The humble *Asse*, for his still patience.
And now to put your Highnesse out of doubt,
Behold me swimme and diue. (so launcht he out
Far from the *Lyons* reach) If beasts quoth he,
Can swimme and diue thus, I a beast may be.
With that he diues, saying, Sir fare you well,
Your faire commends to the King *Whale* I'le tell.
The *Lyon* parted thence; the *Whale* that way
Had sought this *Monster* all this liue-long day,
And seeing such an vncouth thing glide past,
Within his Kingdome with such nimble haste:
He call'd and bad him stay, and will'd him tell,
If he were *Onocrotalus* that fell
And cruell murtherer, who such hauocke made
Of all that in that wealthy Rode did trade?
O mighty *Emperour* (aloud he cri'd)
I hardly scap't euen now his cursed pride.
For being by my noble Master sent,
(The Eagle King of fowles) you to present
With birds and other iunkets in my crop,
She needs wold me from your glad presence stop;
And but he heard you comming, I surmise,
His lawlesse force had made me lawfull prize.
Quoth thē the *Whale*, I search to meet that slaue.
But what thou art that canst so well behaue,
Thy

Thy taile and nimble fins? Art not a fish?
That I were such (quoth he) it is my wish.
I like thy milder reigne where subiects say,
For loue, and not for dread, they thee obey.
And would arm'd in white scales, if I might choose
Serue thee a fish, and my blacke feathers loose.
But Nature this forbids; yet still I striue,
Euen from my youth, fish-like to swim and diue:
To vnderstand their language, and conuerse
With them whose ciuill manners, are lesse fierce
Then beasts or birds be. For they drinke far more
And eat much lesse then we doe on the shore.
This drinking I delight in, and haue tryde,
By all good meanes to make my belly wide.
Yet see, I am a fowle. So vp he hies,
And takes his wings with speed, & far thence flies?
The *Whale* then found his cunning & straight sent
A priuy letter of his close intent.
Both to the *Eagle* and the *Lyon* stout,
To meet and ioyne, and find this out-law out.
They met, and ioynd, and then this Outlaw found
Nor in the Sea, nor yet vpon the ground:
Nor flying in the ayer, but in a hold, (bold.
A hollow tree, whose strength made braggard
They spoke him faire, but he discerned plaine,
Their drift, & cryde: Faire words make I diots fain.
They threatned him, but threats he doth deride,
And saith, by threatning words none euer dyde.
The *Eagle* would haue ventered on his neast,
But he his bill held right vp on his breast,
Like a stiffe souldiers pike, sharpe, long, and armd,
And no way but right down he could be harmd.

Hic in litore quiescens rostrum suum super sursum erigit. Et sui ipsius acumine contra insultum Accipitris se præmunit. Isis.

The

The *Lyon* would haue torne with teeth and nailes
The tree vp by the roote, but wanted ſayles
To ſwim ſo farre, for it in waters ſtood.
The *Whale* then thought to toſſe it in the flood,
But on a rocke it grew, and growing ſo,
He bade them doe their worſt, he fear'd no foe.
They ſaid, they would beſiege and ſtarue him out;
He laught amaine, & ſhew'd how gainſt that dout
He was prouided, hauing ſtore to ſerue
So long, till if they ſtaid, they all would ſtarue.
Then each bethought himſelfe of many a wile
And war-like ſtratagem, how to beguile
This politique Rebell, and to force him yield
Or ſtarue within, or venter to the field.
All workes the ayre, the water, or the land
Did ere produce, theſe Captaines vnderſtand:
But none found able to enforce this ſtrength;
The war-like *Lyon* yet conceiu'd at length
How to effect it. Great confederates heare,
Quoth he, what I propoũd. There's nought I feare
But what I ſpeake of. Once I did rebell
Againſt our Generall Soueraigne Man: to tell
This fault doth touch my honour, but you all
I know haue beene co-partners in my fall,
And his moſt gracious pardon. Then, O then
I kept within my fort, a hidious den
Caru'd out of rocke it was; and no way he
Could force me out, or make aſſault on me.
At laſt with indignation mou'd he takes
A mighty flint vp, and with hurling, breakes
The ſame againſt a rocke, which flying ſings,
And ſparkles from the ayre betwixt them ſpring
A

As from a red-hot yron, when a Smith
With heauy hammer beates it on a ſtith.
Neere hand he had before laid leaues with loſſe
From Okes torne with a Northern blaſt, and moſſe
Dride in the parching Sun: and wood which dide
By killing age, and ſtood my denne beſide.
The ſparks inflam'd this ſtuffe, which in the mouth
Of my darke Caue he plac'd: the wind then South
Forc'd in the ſmoke, & this ayre-thickning ſmoke
Inforc'd me thus, either come out or choke.
The iſſue you remember: this alone
Muſt be our proiect now; or art hath none.
Hie therefore braue bird, brother, quickly take
Twixt your ſtrong tallents this great flint, & make
Experience of my plot. Mount with it hie,
And let it fall, that fire from it may flie:
Which kindled once, fan gently with your wing,
And cheriſh with ſoft breath: then let the king
Of fiſhes with his mighty noſtrels puffe
Till it flames fiercely, and burnes hot enough.
This counſell they applaud; but th'*Eagle* thought
How purer, hotter flames might ſoone be ſought:
And vp he nimbly ſores the milkewhite way,
Where (being a minion knowne) he findes no ſtay;
Each dore flies ope alone, till to the eare
Of mighty *Ioue* he gets, and lets him heare
His buſineſſe and his ſuite, which was for fier
And thunderbolts; *Ioue* grants to his deſier.
Downe quickly he deſcends and makes a traine
About the place where this theefe doth remaine:
Then powder he applies vnto the roote
Of th'ollow tree, and thence the ſlaue doth ſhoote;

He

He ſhoots him thence into the ayre as hie,
As th'Eagles ſelfe could follow with his eye.
And downe he comes and doth deſcend the deep,
Where the ſtill Center doth no motion keep.
Then vp againe aboue the ſwelling maine,
He bounds, there floting without ſence of paine.
And ere he can recouer laboring breath,
That's loth to part, the *Whale* from vnderneath
The traytor doth attach, and ſtraightway brings
To be arrayned before the other Kings.
Him they examine, but he will confeſſe,
No truth but what they know as he doth gheſſe.
Then they doe racke him (being rent before)
Yet he no truth, but many a lye doth rore.
Till with the violent torture and conſtraint,
Life almoſt failing, and with ſufferings faint,
His gorge he vomits, and bewraies with paine
The truth, for which they ſought ſo long in vaine
And firſt (prepoſterouſly) he caſteth out,
All ſlimy lubricke meats, *Eele*, *Gudgeon*, *Trout*:
The *Cyttie-heyres*, *Guilt-head* and *Golden-eye*,
Belonging to the Sea-kings foueraignty.
And with this euidence conuict, the tryall
Proceeds to proue him guilty in deniall
Of farther wrongs done. The *Wood-cocke*, *Parrat*,
The *Gooſe*, the *Dotterell*, *Iacke-dawe* prone to barre
The *Sea-gull*, and the *Cinclos* weake and friendle
And of poore widdow *Turtles* numbers endles,
With diuerſe ſubiects to the roall Eagle,
He doth as eaſily voide, as erſt inueagle.
Yet ſtill vnto the Lyon he denies,
Himſelfe a treſpaſſer, but all thoſe lyes

He lately made, and late was taken in,
Afford presumption of his farther sinne.
For which againe they racke him one pin higher,
And then he vtters more then they desire.
A foolish *Cony*, and an innocent *Lambe*,
A credulous *Calfe* new weaned from the dam,
And yet in wardship; a ridiculous *Mouse*
For feare of *Cats* leauing her sheltring house:
And last of all, (for which the *Lyon* greeued)
A *Hare*, from execution oft repreeued.
All these with easie vtterance; doth declare
That he did fowle, nor beast, nor fishes spare
But preide on all, and so became a praie
To the *Eagle*, *Whale*, and *Lyon*, euery way.
Which prou'de & made by demonstration plaine,
Beyond the power of impudence to faine:
He then excepts against th'vndue proceeding,
They in his apprehension vsde, not heeding
The law of Nations, but by force constraining
(Himselfe) an others subiect, remaining
In peace, and league with them, to be arrayned
Like to a Traytor, and with tortures payned.
He saith the place he kept in was without
Their iurisdiction, and he made no doubt
To prooue it with large priuiledges blessed
A sanctuary for the poore distressed.
They slight his cauils, And the *Whale* demands
In whose vnknowne, strange gouernent it stands
If not in one of theirs? for ayre, earth, sea,
And all they haue (but Man and what Mans bee,)
Doe properly belong to one of these,
Who may dispose of all, as they best please.

I pray then (quoth the *Cormorant*) relate
To whose Emperiall crowne, and to whose state,
My enuy'd neast belongs? which of you three
Claime th'interest as Lord by right of fee?
For if it proper be to one, the rest
Haue done much wrong, t'vsurp't his interest
Whose it should be. This question he did make,
Hoping hereby their setled loues to shake
By couetous ambition, whilst they all
Would make their claimes, and so asunder fall.
But the foreseeing *Eagle* bids him minde
His owne affaires, and not to thinke t'vnwinde
The snares true Iustice laies about his life,
By interposing such slight cause of strife (binde
Betwixt such firme friends, in strong league com-
And with all strength of entercourse entwinde.
And yet to satisfie this curious doubt,
Know (quoth the *Eagle*) that being hem'd about
With floting waters, it belongs to him
Who gouernes all that in the waters swim.
But as it on the stedfast earth doth stand,
It longs to him that is the king on land. (bowe
And the large tree which spreads his spaciou
In th'open ayre, within my kingdome growes.
Doth thy neast thus belongs to all of vs, thy food
Stolne from our subiects, in th'ayre, earth, flood?
And thou thy selfe must needs, if thou beest eithe
Beast, bird, or fish, be one of ours. If neither
Say what thou art, or whose thou art; for all
But Man and Monsters in this number fall.
Then (quoth the *Cormorant*) I doe belong
Vnto the fearefull *Dragon*, whose blacke tongue
Threat

Threats death to each of you, and keepes in awe
Your humbler ſpirits, making his will your law.
He is the king of ſerpents, whoſe ſtrong breath
Confounds your ſtrength with al-ſubduing death.
He rules the vpper region, purging fire
Which ſearcheth hell, and doth to heauen aſpire.
This, this alone it was which I obai'd
When that ſtrong law vnto my neaſt you laide.
But you that ſprightly power by intruſion
Falſely vſurpt to my deuout confuſion.
Fire onely to the *Dragon* doth belong;
To him, and vnto me, you haue done wrong.
To him I doe appeale; and haue reſort
In this great cauſe to his infallible Court. (ſcorne
This ſpeech inflam'd their hearts with heate and
To be confronted thus, thus ouerborne
By a bace villaine who did proudly brag on
The free protection of their foe the *Dragon*.
So with a full reſolue, they all agree
Each for himſelfe and his reueng'd to be.
The *Lyon* takes, feete, head, and throate away:
VVith thoſe he walk't and like an *Aſſe* did bray.
The *Eagle* ſeaſeth on his wings and tayle,
VVith theſe he bird-like in the ayre did faile.
The *Whale* his body ſwallowes at a bit
VVhich he vsde fiſh-like, diu'd and ſwam with it.
Thus Traytor-like hee's quarterd out and carued;
VVould land and water Pyrats were ſo ſerued.

Epimythium.

The water Pyrat euery one doth know
They rob our Merchants, and allegeance owe
To no command; duty to none will giue,
But outlawes, like the ſea wherein they liue.

Draco maximus eſt omnium ſerpentum. à ſpeluncis abſtractus ferrur in aeſtem. Excitatur propter eum aer, & mare contra eius ventum contumeſcit. Iſid. lib. 12.
Solum habet venenum in lingua & in felle. Plin.

Our Pyrats on the land, haue ſundry kinds,
And ſundry obiects. Our goods, bodies, minds.
Law,-ſtate-Church Pyrats, when no Church ſtate
Can their irregular liues to faſhion draw. (law,
1 The firſt pretending gouernment of all,
And freeing ſuch as into danger fall;
Doe kill in curing, and oppreſſe with eaſing
Both the delinquent, and the free diſpleaſing.
2 The ſecond guard our land from forraigne force,
Whilſt they themſelues (perhaps) afflict vs worce,
Strangers may not deuoure vs, yet we are
By peace eate vp, more then we wont by warre.
3 The third are of two kinds; our owne and others,
Who not in doctrine, but in fact are brothers.
1 Our own feede few (for the dumb dog ſtil lurches)
They'le not teach one, but ſwallow many Chur-
They vnto ignorance our ſoules betray, (ches.
And to ſeducing diuels giue ſilent way. (ſubiects,
2 The other knowes no king, but knowes their
And faines to reconcile, but makes them abiects.
No place is priuiledg'd, no law, no Nation.
For all the world his Pariſh is and ſtation.
Rome giues him licenſe, and although he ſwim
In the whole ſea, there is no roome for him.
He cries where ſ'ere he comes; Al's mine, giue
And if he be oppo'ſde, a fatall doome (roome;
Becomes his vſher. Kings muſt kiſſe his foote,
If curſes, piſtols, poyſon, hell can doo't.
But if nor theſe, nor hell, then *Faux* more skilfull
Will charme the open earde, blow vp the wilfull.
Theſe *Cormorants* my bleare-eyde Muſe hath
But there are many *Cormorants* beſide. (ſpide.

The

10. The ASSE.

ALthough in *Italy*, in *France*, and *Spaine*,
And all those hotter *Regions*, there remaine
Great store of *Asses*; and with vs but few,
Saue some that our late Trauellers do shew.
And though the Pope, and Romane Clergy ride
In very lowly, patient, humble, pride
Vpon these beasts, or on their bastards rather,
As fits each single, simple, holy father:
I would not haue you thinke my meauing such
A beast of theirs or of our owne to touch.
The *Asse* I talke of, bred in *Thessaly*
Came to a countriman, a neighbour by
And made great mone, that euery sauage beast
In woods and fields, the greatest and the least
Misus'de him, wrongde him, made it all their sport
To trouble him, who had no remedy for't.
The Man seem'de pittifull, enclinde to good,
And gaue the *Asse* aduice to leaue the wood,
To dwell with him who able was and strong,
His weake Retainers to protect frō wrong. (know.
True (quoth the *Asse*) your wit, your strength I
But how can I deserue the grace you show?
What benefit or pleasure whilst I liue
Can I doe you, who must my liuelyhood giue?
Quoth Man, for my protection, and my meate
You shall afforde me but your dung and sweate,

Asinus est animal maximè frigoris impatiens. Plin. lib. 8. cap. 44.

Those excrements t'inrich and lust my ground,
That it with corne and vintage may abound.
And when I chance to trauell farre and nie,
You like a friend, shall beare me company.
The *Asse* was glad the couenants were so good,
And straight agrees, nor long consulting stood.
The articles were drawne, read openly,
Sealed and deliuered interchangeably.
And home they goe, and long togither dwelt
VVithout repentance; neither greeuance felt.
But man in innocence remain'd not long,
And since is apt to doe all innocence wrong.
Sure here it fell out so. The craftie Man
VVho say and vnsay, lie, and cauill can,
VVent to the *Asse*, and (all inrag'd) demands
VVhy all that while he had not dung'd his lands
Sir, (quoth the *Asse*) such compasse as I yeeld
I haue with daily care laide in your field.
True (quoth the Man) but that will not suffice
To dung my ground, that plentie may arise;
Yet so you vndertooke. Then out of hand
See you prouide enough to serue my land,
And yeeld what you keep back good store of swe
Or Ile giue store of blowes, but not of meate.
The *Asse* finds he is wrong'd, but sees not how
To right himselfe, weake men to stronger bow.
He does what man commands, and rather more
Til man grows rich, & so grows proud with stor
Then Man must trauaile, must his kind, folke so
And other countries how they fashion'd be.
The *Asse* must goe with him, so t'was agreed
To beare him company. VVell mote they speed

Tria verò cum sint, opus, cibus, & castigatio, &c. Arist. Oeconomic. lib. cap 5.

Th

The Man a ſaddle ſets vpon his backe,
A halter on his head, which wit doth lacke.
VVhat meane you Maſter (quoth the ſimple Aſſe)
This will but make me weary as I paſſe?
Foole (quoth the Man) thinke you ile haue my (Page,
Not ſuited to the faſhions of this age?
I ſhould be ſham'd to ſee you neere me ſtand,
VVithout a cloake, and bout your necke a band.
Proude was the ſillie Aſſe, to heare he ſtood,
So high in fauour, and doth onward skud
VVith willing pace, not like a ſleepy ſnaile,
But toſſing of his eares, wincing his taile.
Long trauailde they, till to a brooke they came,
Wherein a many ſiluer fiſhes ſwam.
A bridge was neere, but Man withheld his eie,
And would not ſee the bridge, ſome reaſon why.
The Aſſe went through the water: quoth he then,
All beaſts are happier far then we poore Men,
You are by nature ſafely clothed, and armde,
Gainſt cold, heat, drought, & wet; we eaſly harmd
VVith any ſmall annoyance. You are free,
And gainſt all theſe extreames moſt patient be.
The Aſſe being praiſde, vpon no ground ſtood ſtil,
But muſt turne backe againe to ſhew his skill.
To boaſt his valure, let his Maſter know
All his good parts, and ſeruices arow.
Now ſir, quoth he, you on my backe ile beare,
Safe ore this water. Get vp, nothing feare,
The Man leapt lightly vp. Diſſimulation
Doth neither ſtirrup need, nor great perſwaſion.
The Aſſe doth quickly paſſe the Riuer: then
He ſtaies, and praies him light. No, (ſaith the man)

Proceed vpon your iourney, you can beare,
I dare not light, to fall I ſtand in feare.
Ile kneele then qd. the Aſſe, and down he kneele
The man ſtraight raiſde him with his whip an
O Maſter (qd. the *Aſſe*) you promiſde meat, (heel
Your couenant giues no liberty to beate.
Foole (quoth the Man) the word expreſly meant
Wages for worke, implies a puniſhment
For ſluggiſhnes and ſloth; Make haſt away,
Our buſines and the time permits no ſtay.
So on they goe, till th' Aſſe now almoſt tired,
Askt pitty of the Man, and eaſe deſired,
That he would daigne a little while to light,
The Man denide it, and then laught outright,
And doubled blowes with whip, with wheele, an
O tyrãt (quoth the *Aſſe*) doſt fight & laugh? (ſtaff
Are theſe th' effects of promiſes and words?
Is this the peace your law, bond, faith, affords?
Keep you your couenants thus? O man think how
You make vs traitors, when you break your vow
Why (quoth the man) my couenants are vnbroke
I haue performde whatſ'ere I wrot or ſpoke.
I giue you meat, my meaning likewiſe was,
To giue you blowes, if that you plaid the *Aſſe*.
I was to haue your excrements and ſweat,
I cannot haue theſe but by worke and heat.
Therefore I ride you. You were to attend
In all my iournyes on me like a friend.
And what is liker to a friend I pray, (day
Then a mans drudge, that toyles both night and
That carries him through thick & thin with pain
And a ſure ſtadd for all turnes doth remaine?

Verberans abſque ira peior eſt verberante cum ira. Com. in Ariſt lib. 6. Metaph.

O

O(quoth the *Asse*)the world was neuer good,
Since othes on mentall reseruation stood.
I only was to beare you company,
True(quoth the Man)to beare,that's carry me.
O damnd equiuocation,who at first,
(Quoth the poor *Asse*)this double doctrine nurst?
No,Merchant,tradesman,lawyer,nor Diuine,
Though much from truth they warp, from grace
Could be the authors of this ample euil, (decline,
But truths professed foe,that iugling diuell.
That Diuell who taught it first,and practiz'd too
In Paradise vnto our generall woe.
That Diuel which doth reuue in euery age,
By this alone his kingdome and image.
For without this his kingdome would decay,
And without this his image weare away,
This only murthers truth,opposeth faith,
Deceiuing,whether true or false it saith.
If true,we dare not trust it fearing ill,
If false,like truth it looks,and tempt vs will.
Quoth man,thou preachest wel;& wel might pass
Couldst thou speake Latin too,to say a Mass.
Thy folly was in fault, rashly to draw
Thy articles without aduise at law.
There wanted stops pricks,letters,here and there,
And by your leaue some words the truth to cleer.
Nay quoth the *Asse*,had euery word,stop,letter,
Beene left vnwritten my estate were better.
This is the plague,when power expoundeth lawes
Not as the truth requires,but as the cause.
When euery letter may an error breed,
To helpe the rich,and beggar such as need.

VVhen

When tyrants doe capitulate and treate
Not to conclude, but to deceiue & cheate. (words
When your falſe minds are cãdi'd o're with (ſwords
As your gay ſheathes conceale your murthering
Now (quoth the Man) I think that *Balaams* Aſſe,
Or golden *Apuleyus*, thy Tutor was.
Thou art ſo eloquent, ſo learned, witty,
As if thou hadſt been taught in *Athens* City.
In *Athens*? (quoth the Aſſe) now I eſpie,
You ſpeake no truth, but when ye thinke to lie.
I was a cockny, once of noble blood,
Trainde vp in *Athens* Court, and in the flood
Of pleaſure bathde my youth, (but not in Art,)
Which cauſde this tranſformation, teares, & ſmart
Yet went out Maſter, and was well allowde,
(With many of my kin) in that thicke crowde.
When *Philip* did ſo learnedly diſpute,
And made *Demoſthenes* with wonder mute,
I was in fauour then, and then did paſſe,
For braue and wiſe, though now I be an Aſſe.
For no man ought to iudge by forme, or face,
By fauour, or imployment, or by place,
Which are the wiſe and fooliſh Dunces oft
Paſſe by great Doctors. Baboons leape aloft.
And they may proue like me, (liue to be ſwitcht,
If they my fortune meet, to be bewitcht.
How I bewitched was, you now ſhall heare.
There is no true accompliſht Caualere,
That hath not trauailde. And ther's few of theſe
Which ſcape bewitching, paſſing ouer Seas.
In this firſt trauaile my braue Spirit did moue,
T'attempt great Ladies and to purchace loue.

I purcha'ſt loue ſo long, till all I had,
Was purcha'ſt from me, and my ſelfe full glad,
To leaue both Court and City, and to trie
A better Country fortune to eſpie.
With much much toyle, and many courtly ſhifts,
At length I did arriue mongſt craggy cliffts,
And barraine rocks, t'a ſmoaky houſe which ſtood
Alone, beſides a fearefull deſart wood.
There with a wither'd witch I long time ſtaid,
A Beldame that had been *Medeaes* maid.
She turnd me to an Aſſe that very day;
Th'Odcombian wit, did odly ſcape away.
He may his good ſhooes praiſe, pray for his heeles,
By thoſe he ſcap't; And yet I feare he feeles,
His braine was turning: If he euer paſſe
That way againe, he will turne perfect Aſſe.
And ſo will many more as well as I,
Except they ſtop their eares, as they paſſe by.
Now (quoth the Man) this is a prety fable,
Fitting the end, ſo neere vnto the ſtable.
Ile now alight, we two are perfect friends,
My iourny and thy tale together ends.
So they went in to reſt, but euer ſince,
The Man mounts on the Aſſe, although he wince.
There is no remedie, he muſt obey,
That's ſadled, brideled, and bound euerie way.
He might haue look't before he made his match:
Now 'tis too late, when time is paſt to watch.
Yet euer ſince he letters hath and learning,
When ther's no fault in them, but his diſcerning.
He ſhunneth water too, all that he can,
The cauſe which made him firſt a ſlaue to Man.

Aquas tranſire & pedes in eis figere multum horret. Ariſt. 5. de Animal.

Epymythium.

Epimythium.

We must learne from hence these lessons:

Eccles.8.13 1. First to beware with whome we deale: for if he be stronger either in person, or by friends, we shall become his prey: if he be richer, his gold will weigh down our siluer: if he be more eloquent, his lies will be beleeued before our truths: if he be the Iudge, he will giue sentence according to his honour, or at least according to his owne profit. This is seene by generall experience, and especially in that man of sinne, who pretends to be Iudge of all controuersies, and exponnder of all doubts; determines the darkest things to be cleere in his owne behalfe; and the most clear and pregnant proofes brought against him, to be darke and obscure.

2. Secondly, wee must beware of whome we take counsell; they may be our enemies to morrow, that are our friends to day; wee, often shew our euidences to such, who for a larger fee giuen by our aduersaries, know how to betray vs, and open a gap for the ouerthrowe of our cause.

3. Thirdly, to whome wee flee for protection from wrongs, lest shunning the *Buzzard*, we become a prey of the *Sparhauke*. Many poore men are swallowed in this pit-fall: we make lawes to

ye our owne wings. So much of euery act is ta-
ken as will serue for lime-twigs to take vs; the rest
which should reforme, lies vseleſſe. We receiue
strength into a towne, which beeing once in
possession, holde for themselues, and plague vs
worse then the enemie would haue done. So
the *Brittaines* (our fellowes) call'd in the *Saxons*
(our fathers) and all histories are full of like ex-
amples. *Wesel* might the last yeare haue looked
into this glasse, now it is too late. The hand which
holdes it, hath practised the Falconers first pro-
erbe in many places before. It knowes how to
holde fast: and knowes no other honour, but pro-
fit. But *Callis* was wiser, who would rather yeeld
t selfe to the *Archduke*, then expect profferd deli-
erance by vs. The *French* durst not let vs haue
oting againe in *France*, we had taught them too
ell before how hardly we are intreated to let goe
ur holde in so good a countrey. Let this then
ach vs to beware.

4. Fourthly, let vs take heede to whome wee
iue, and what wee giue. A talent is too much
r a *Cynicke* to receiue; a groat too little for a
ing to giue: discretion must guide liberalitie.
lanie bounties haue miscarried, and beene
st, vndoing both the giuer and receiuer,
hil'st they were not proportion'd according to
e worth and respect of both parties. Our age
ay looke in this glasse. Who giues some the first
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We

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We

We often giue presents to our betters, and they expect the custome still: power demaunds that of duty, which was first graunted by way of beneuolence.

Lastly, let vs beware what wee receiue from others, and what wee put on: It may bee a saddle, which we thinke an ornament, and a bridle which wee thinke a grace. Diuers forraigne ouertures shew this, and at home the inuestitures of *Ireland*, made by the *Pope* to *Henry* the second, whereby that Sea challengeth right in *Ireland*. All other titles and prerogatiues which come from thence, are of this nature, and were sent to this end, to be witnesses of their interest. Doubtlesse the diuel pretends thus to be author of our knowledge, and saith but for him wee had neuer known good and euill asunder; our lawes and priuileges written in the *Normane* tongue are euidences to prooue our subiection to *William* of *Normandy*; as the vniuersall speech of the Latine prooues the worlds slauery to *Rome*, though none were thought free men, and braue fellowes, but such slaues as spake that tongue; the rest *Barbarians*. Merchants will trust vs to drawe vs into their bookes; they bridle & saddle vs with gay clothes (like foot-cloths to *Asses*;) then they girt vp sure and mount our backes, whil'st we can walke free in no ground, not in the streetes. Our stable is the Counter, where wee are made right *Asses*: Hither many Courtly Gallants make haste to come, and to stand at liuery in the Hole.

Camden, Hist. Antiq. Irel.

Gen. 3. 5.

II. *Curial*

II. *Curiale.*

THe *Flie* and *Flea* hauing in Court got place,
Saw all ſuch Courtiers as were chiefe in grace;
Still preſent with the King: how in his eare
For being buſie, ſome rewarded were:
Others they ſaw get wealth with ſtanding nie:
But none did thriue that were not in his Eye.
They thoght ſince theſe alone grew rich & braue,
They would as nimbly too themſelues behaue:
That they were black cold be no hindrãce thoght,
For many black-gowns ther were more thẽ ought.
But their ambition reacht t'ingroſſe all grace,
And ſhoulder others from ſo wiſht a place.
And thus reſolu'd, the *Flea* leapes vp aloft,
And in the Kings eare falls with footing ſoft.
The fooliſh *Flie* did mount with ſpeedy wing
Betwixt the Eye-lids of th'amazed King;
Who with his nimble hand did apprehend
The ruſticke Courtiers, and their hopes ſoone end.
Quoth he, Ye ſaucy Traytors, dare ye thus
Preſume our preſence neuer cald by vs?
Or being come, Is there no other place
In all our Court to pleaſe you, but our face?
And in our face no roome can you eſpie,
But our reſerued eare? our tender eye?
In all my kingdomes you might freely range,
And varied pleaſures euery minute change,

Without

Without my perturbation: onely here
Your boldnesse you shall both with life buy deere:
And though the *Eagle* takes no *Fleas* nor *Flies*,
Yet for presumption both by th'*Eagle* dies.

Epimythium.

This tels inferiours that they must not aspire too high, nor presume too farre. All persons are not fit for all places: fooles mistake, and ouer-doe; wisemen warme themselues at the fire, where children burne their fingers: many seeking to be in grace, disgrace themselues. None was thought fitter to be Emperour then *Galba*, till being made Emperour he prooued himselfe vnfit. Our Age hath seene many of these *Babels*, whose ruines seem greater farre off then at hand. In a darke night each *Meteor*, each *Ignis fatuus* seemes a Sunne; but in the day, coming neere the Sunne, they cannot be seene. There be many of these, who if they had not attained preferment, would haue thought themselues wronged, and the world would haue thought them vnfortunate; as if enuie had crost honour from beholding them with equiualence: when now hauing attained what their ambitions desired, they see their owne insufficiencies, and the world iudging them vnworthy of such eminence, say they serue for nothing but to keepe out better Men. Their high flights rather helpt by the winds strength, (by fauour and grace) then by their owne wings (vertue and true worth;) serues only to shew the world its owne blindnesse, and their weaknes; for

Principatus virum ostendit. Arist. l. 5. Metaphysic.

Tacit. Hist. lib. 1. cap. 7.

For being aloft in the top and pride of their pitch, they make many plaines and dare not come freely at all occasions, but they foone stoope to the lure or the dead quarry, hauing good stomackes, but bad hearts; what they speake, what they doe, is not out of their owne strength and sufficiency, but from others direction. They are French souldiers and Statesmen; their horses, their seruants must be knighted, for these did the seruice; It was not the Rider, his care was only to keep the saddle warme and to sit sure.

Againe, it tells Superiours that the poorest and most despised creatures may annoy thē. Lice presume into *Pharaos* bed-chamber, in spite of the Guard, the Vshers, the Pensioners, the Squires of the body, the Gentlemen, and the Groomes; where none durst come before but Minions and fauorits. Wormes craule into *Herods* wombe, euen then when his flatterers and all the people cry out, *vox Dei & non hominis*. Hee spake well but he did nothing: he vsed his eloquence and learning to his owne glory not to Gods: God therfore shew'd him that he was a worme and no man, who a little before did both in place and voice shew himselfe like a god. A flie skips into Pope *Alexanders* cup and into his throate and kils him, who a little before chalenged to haue the keyes of life and death in his owne hands, and with his cup of abominations poysond not only the poore flyes (the subiects) but the *Eagles* (the kings) of the earth. Despise not therefore little ones. Remember how *Sisera* and

Exod. 8. 17.

Act. 12. 23.

Psal. 82, 6.

Reu. 17. 2.

Iudg. cap. 4. 17. c. 9. 53.

and *Abimelech* fell by the hands of women. And
Grafton. *Sigebert* king of the Westsaxons was slaine by a swineheard of *Combranus*, euen in that place where *Sigebert* had slaine *Combranus* before, for the good and wholesome counsell he gaue the vnthankfull King.

FINIS.

CERTAINE PIECES OF THIS AGE PARABOLIZ'D.

VIZ.

Duellum Britannicum.
Regalis Iustitia Iacobj.
Aqu-ignispicium.
Satyra Aulica.

Scire tuum nihil est.

LONDON
Printed by *Iohn Legatt* for *Francis Constable*,
and are to be solde in *Pauls* Church-yard
at the signe of the white Lyon. 1615.

To the right Honourable, *the* EARLE *of* Essex.

GReat LORD, reade for your pleasure this; & (thinke
As error to discouer argues *Wit*;
So honour 'tis, at ouersights to winke; (fit.
And both these parts your excellency doth
This boldly speakes these times: The muse that (giues
To Man true honor, by true honor liues.

THOMAS SCOT.

To the intelligent Reader.

VVHo safely in the streame would swim,
Must free from weedes keepe euery lym;
Lest slaue vnto himselfe he growe,
And vulgar humour drawes him lowe;
Or ventring in the deepes (too weake,)
Opinions windie bladder breake:
We ought both in our selues and friends,
To hate all acts with doubtfull ends;
And loue euen in our foes the good
Which may be seuer'd from their blood.
And if the times misleade vs so,
To sooth those friends we would not do,
At least (like free-men) let vs thinke
What's good and bad, although we winke.
To this free nature if you finde
These busie papers much inclinde;
Yet pardon them, and iudge aright,
A free-man (not a slaue) did write.
Reade for your pleasure, close the booke,
On th'innocent outside all may looke.
Th'intelligent within may prie,
But barre th'Intelligencers eye.

THOMAS SCOT.

Man

Duellum Britannicum.

Man may Man perſwade amiſſe,
But the skill and cunning is,
To rule him right, to cauſe him doe,
What true wiſedome longs vnto.
See how the buſie Lawyers throng
Twixt Man and Man for right and wrong,
Thoſe Papers, all thoſe bookes are writ,
To reconcile Mans iarring wit.
Piſtols, Muskets, Rapiers, Swords,
All the Engines war affords,
Are for Man prepar'd, not hell,
There no foe like Man doth dwell.
"Man for ſport baites Lyons, Beares,
"Man alone Man hates, and feares.

GReat Volumes in few lines epitomiz'd,
Are easiest apprehended, and so priz'd.
Large Countries in small Maps are best suruaide,
Because the sense (in these abridgements staid)
Keepes company with *Reason*, neuer flitting
From that firme obiect their ioynt powers fitting.
Thus the whole world is in one Man expressed,
And euery part describ'd and iudged best.
Then noble *Britaine* doe, not scorne to see
Thy owne face (in this Glasse I proffer thee:)
Two of thy children, whose hard fortune tels
What danger and assur'd destruction dwels
In thy dis-vnion; and how fond they are,
Who with false reasons nurce thy ciuill warre.
These two (two Worthies) nobly borne and bred;
Inrich'd with vertue, and vpon the head
Of Court and Kingdome plac'd, (as Iewels worne
For vse and ornament) now rent and torne,
Remaine sad spectacles; and crie aloud,
O Man, why, being mortall, art thou proud?
Why art thou proud of beauty? Roses blast;
Or of thy wealth? the mynes of *India* waste;
Or of thy strength? since sicknes, age, or wounds
Lets loose the stiff-strung ioints, & spirit cōfounds.
Or of thy honour, and thy high-borne blood?
Since to be great is not worth praise, but good;
Or of all these? since all these, and much more
Wharton and *Steward* had, lost, and di'd poore.
Much more they had; so much, that hard it is
To tell what either wanted. Earths chiefe blisse,
(Their

(Their Princes fauour) like the Sunne aboue
In his hot Solstice stood, and did improoue
Their blooming youth's with ripened fruit, before
Their thoghts could hope: ô what could they wish more?
Friends sought thē, fortune blest thē; blest them so,
That ẽ might happiest seeme was hard to know.
Neither had cause of Enuie; except thus,
As th'eies, hands, feet, which guide, guard, carry vs;
Whose selfe-like shape, and equall vse admits
No warre, but fellow-feeling of such fitts,
Griefes, and diseases, as each part sustaines;
So shar'd they in all pleasures, toyles, sports, paines.
Nor had these other cause of warre at all,
"And causelesse warre is most vnnaturall.
Yet (oh) that subtile Spirit incens'd rash blood,
Wtih franticke rage, that euery euil seem'd good.
They first must play; so vndeserued golde
"Ill got, we waste, and haue no power to holde:
Then they proceed to words, frō words to blowes;
"The way to euill is easie; but who knowes
The Clue that we returne by? hence proceedes
A Challenge frō wrongd *Wharton*: *Steward* needs
No such stale prouocation: Mischiefes feete
"Are swift to blood: their quick desires soon meet,
And (met) soone fight; bolde *Steward* fals by fate;
Wharton by *chance*: *those Powers each other hate.*
So haue I seene from th' *Indies* East and West,
Two Ships well rig'd, and man'd, vpon the brest
Of *Thetis* dancing, spreading flags abroad
For ioy of their long-wisht-for English roade;
Past now all dangerous *Rocks*, *Gulphs*, *Pyrats*, *Sand*,
Ready t'invade their rich fraught on firme land,

And

And tell the ſtory of their perrils paſt,
And frolicke with glad friends in peace, at laſt.
When ſpying each other ſo bedeckt, adornd,
With outward pomp: on's pride the other ſcornd
And from that enuious ſcorn ſom word proceedi
And from that word ſome blow, from that blow
Then giuing way to fury all inrag'd, (bleeding
Both are in deſperate tearmes of fight ingag'd.
The fire in water, Lead in th'ayre, their center
Doe madly ſeeke; and both theſe rudely enter
The ſtrong ſhips wombe, and ranſacke euery hold
For pretious life, neglecting *Indian* gold.
The ſhot ſeems thunder, but the dying grones
Of ſlaughterd ſoules, ſhrike louder, deeper tones
Then roring Cannons, whoſe thick charging rou
Lets water freely in, and poures bloud out.
In this hot fight both firmly doe defend,
Both nimbly doe aſſault, both ſpend,
Strength, skill, and all to hurt. Conqueſt inclines
To neither part as partiall. Equall lines
Are drawn betwixt them both by Fate & Chance
Till th'one his topſaile fairely doth aduance
To win the wind, and in that vantage flies
With force and fury on his foe; who plies,
All meanes to ſalue this loſſe, and to regaine
Faire ods, or equall ſtanding once againe.
But all in vaine, fortune, the wind, and ſea,
Confederate with the aduerſe ſeeme to be.
So this to ſinke (rather then yeeld) reſolues,
And halfe his catter'd ſides the Sea inuolues.
When tho'ther (couetous) grapples with his foe,
To bourd and rob him: and (being chained ſo)

The

The ſhip that leaks ſinks,& with his vvaight draws
The Conqueror with Conqueſt,to deaths iawes.
So fares it with theſe noble Combatants,
Both equally of blood and honor vants:
Both enui'd and belou'd alike,both friends,
Both yong,both valiant,and their life and ends
So paralel,and twin-like like in all,
That they obtain'd one graue,one funerall.
One graue,one funerall,they obtain'd,yet loſt
The fame and honor their youth thirſted moſt.
Becauſe their quarell on falſe grounds begun,
Could not produce true praiſe,nor true blame ſhũ.
The woũds thou gau'ſt ſtout *Wharto* had bin good
Againſt thy Kings or faiths foe;& thy blood,
Heroicke *Steward*, had been nobly ſhed,
Againſt ſuch ſlaues; ſo both had brauely bled,
And your braſſe Monuments had ſpoke the fame
Of *Whartons* noble,*Stewards* royall name.
Then the fierce challenger for his quick charge,
And ſtout aſſalt with wounds giuen deep & large;
His apt command of euery part ſoone ſhunning,
All wounds ſaue one,giuen more by chance then (cuning.
And the defẽdât,who ſo long time ſtood
Drownd(yet vndanted) in his own life blood;
And deadly wounded,paſt all hope of liuing,
Death in his death,to his haile foeman giuing;
Had fild the largeſt leaues of Fames faire ſtory,
And both worn wreaths of triumph,cõqeſt,glory;
And then like patterns to both realmes,ſet out
By vertue for example; the wiſe and ſtout
Had been your ſchollers and their leſſons read
In thoſe green fields,where both ſo boldly bled.

But

But now (aye me!) as rocks, bars, ſands, at ſea,
Or marks ſet vp to ſhew ſhips where ſuch bee,
Or rather as ſome wrac'kd ſhips ſelfe, whoſe maſt
Ore looks the waues, and yet ſtill ſticking faſt
In th'eating ſilt, bids the wiſe Pilote flye
The trackleſſe path where ſuch hid dangers lie.
So ſtand theſe two, the ſignes of woe, and ruth,
Of ſhipwrackt honor, fortune, valor, youth.
And by their deaths confirm this ſpeech for good
" Vertue hath greater priuiledge then blood.
" Our ſoules are Gods, our bodies are the Kings,
" And he that in his priuate quarrell brings
" Either of theſe in queſtion, doth betray,
" The Kings part, and giues Gods part clene away
England, behold in *Wharton* what thou art,
And *Scotland* ſee in *Steward* euery part,
Of thy beſt power; ſhun enmity and ſtrife,
None but your ſelues haue power of eithers life.
Let not ſlight toyes (the ſnares and trains of hell)
Breed war betwixt you two; but kindly dwell
Within this Ile as in one houſe, the rather
Being thereto wooed by your good King, kinde (ſather
If not, peruſe this glaſſe, and let not me
The fatall Prophet of ſuch ill newes be
To your ſucceeding times; but choſe you whether
You'l e ſtill liue friends, or like theſe die together.

A caſt of Faulcons (in their pride
At paſſage ſcouring) fowle eſpide
Securely feeding from the Spring,
At One, both ayme with nimble wing.
They firſt mount vp aboue Mans ſight,
Plying for life this emulous flight
In equall compaſſe, and maintaine
Their pitch without a lazie plaine.
Then ſtooping freely (lightning-like)
They (counter) dead each other ſtrike.
The fowle eſcapes, and with her wings
Their funerall dirge this leſſon ſings.
"Who aimes at glory not aright,
"Meetes death, but Glorie takes her flight.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium Georgii Whartoni Milit.

TH' offence was great, worse the report,
The iniurie Reuenge *acquiting,*
And life with many wounds ta'ne for't
Argu'de a minde true honour fitting.
" *For sluggish* Cowardice *doth shame*
" *A noble* Stock, *and honor'd name.*

Epitaphium Iacobi Stewardi Armigeri.

WIth an vndaunted heart I fought,
Reuenge *and* Choller *me assailing,*
In fight I fell, with courage stout,
My life and foes, togither failing.
I dig'de my graue out with my sword,
And stroke, whilst life would strength afford.

Man, Angel, nor the Fiend of Hell,
Can Mans heart see, search, and tell.
That God alone doth vnderstand,
Closing all thoughts within his hand.
He better knowes then Priest, Iudge, Scribe,
Who gaue the last cause carrying bribe.
He sees, when sentence goes awry,
Where the hidden ground doth lie.
He knowes if it be truth or no,
The doubtfull witnesse sweares vnto.
He markes the Iewrie *and their leader,*
And obserues the Lying Pleader.
He notes the Councell what they doe,
And the Kings *heart searcheth too.*

How

HOw hatefull is this ſilence? I haue ſtood
Wiſhing, expe&ing, muſing long, who wou'
With honeſt thrift, this faire aduantage take
To fame himſelfe for euer, and to make
This ſenſeleſſe age conceiue (perhaps commend
The good we now enioy, not apprehend.
Time was kings words were like to apples, ſnatch'
From t'*Heſperides*, ſo obſeru'de, ſo watch'de.
But now their words (though *Oracles* to thoſe
Of former times, though verſe vnto their proſe)
Are ſlighted by this lipwiſe age of ours; (flow'r
Whoſe rootleſſe knowledge beares no fruits bu
Where is the Man whoſe better fate, admits
Him place, time, means, to heare the King of wit
Diſcourſe like *Salomon* of euery thing,
Begot betwixt the winter and the ſpring?
Determine euery doubt that doth ariſe
Twixt heauen and earth, the idiot and the wiſe?
That doth for priuate vſe, or publike good
Make knowne how *Saba-like*, he vnderſtood?
And did not (like the pictures) waite for ſhow
To fill place only, but to learne to know.
This Man is yet no *Courtier*, or at leaſt
No daily wayter; ſcarce ſeene at a feaſt.
Too poore and plaine to trauaile, and being bach
The tongue and hart of treaſon. He doth lack
A face t'outface his wants, and doth bewray
His ignorance in euery arrogant way.
He meanes good faith & ſpeakes it, though the li

O

Of censuring lawe, his state and body strip
Of coyne, and eares, and freedome; it's no crime,
To speak truth (he thinks) though't be out of time.
He is no chamber Traytor from hell sent,
To vndermine the Soules high parliament.
He cannot candy poison, wants the waies
To tickle truth to death, with her owne praise.
He dares not weare a desperate suite t'vndoe
Himselfe, a Mercer, and a Taylor too.
And then make that the preface how to aske
Towards his vnknown losse in the last maske.
But such as can those Court-lie Mysteries
Want time for this. Themselues are histories
Not easely learn'd, t'will aske a perfect Man
To reade them daily o're, do what he can.
And ere he learns by heart each attribute
Appropriate to the body, and the suite,
Himselfe growes old, or a new-fashion springs,
Which shifts the Scene, the forme, & face of things.
Thus silk-worms spend their times, & schollers too
Haue idle worke enough to turne them to.
Perhaps a paire of feet and a tongue stroue,
Who should walke fastest, and most countries roue.
In fewest howr's to smallest purpose; these
At length returne (their trauailes finisht) please,
To publish their fond Iournalls, But (alasse!)
Neither themselues, nor their huge work can passe
Our presse vnpraisde. *O Courtiers* thither hie,
Gallants, Wits, Poets; Let your Muses flie
Not to reforme, or settle this light braine,
But render him more wilde. Your selues shall gaine
Much wonder by t; extolld shall be your skill,

For writing well in ieast, in earnest ill.
Or if not this, some other witty taske
Staies your continuall leisures, and doth aske
Inke for your pens, t'asperge, deforme, defile,
States and their instruments, with libells vile.
No man must liue without your fauning praise,
Nor no man die without your roundelaies.
Death makes you sport, & strokes which force the (*State*,
Stagger and reele; your humors eleuate.
Vice liuing, is preferd to *Vertue* dead,
The present, no time els, is honored.
If you attend on Kings, it's to obserue
Their imperfections, where their frailties swerue
In rash attempts or passionate words vnstaid,
From iuster rules, their tēperate bloods once laid.
As if Kings were not men, weake, fraile, and poore,
Like to their Subiects, and subiected more.
As if at *Rome* (whither you send this newes)
All there were Saints, and your Popes Court no
As if that you a Patent had from Hell, (*Stewes*
All things to say or doe, but nothing well.
O! if you yet retaine a graine of that,
Which your high aimes would seeme to leuell at:
Or if no faith (but that you Atheists be,
And nothing but vnhallow'd Reason see)
If but a sparke of that remaine intire,
Which you seem to monopolize (the fire
Prometheus filch'd from *Ioue*) let that bright flame
Kindle your zeales for selfe, kings, countries fame
To vse those oportunities, parts, places,
Intelligences, meanes, friends, fortunes, graces,
You haue'boue other, for the publique good,
Tha

That we may vnderstand you vnderstood.
Learne *Saba*-like to heare, obserue, report,
The good our *Salomon* speakes, doth at Court.
Not *Shemei*-like to slander, curse, deride,
Religions Nurse, Arts glory, vertues Pride.
But you contemne my admonition. Goe
Feed fat for Hell, the place you couet so.
And let my humble Muse applaud, admire
And celebrate heauens grant in our desire.
Tell what thou seest and feel'st. *Ingratitude*
"Receiues, craues, swallowes, a whole multitude
"Of gifts and graces, without thanks or sense,
"And with dul silēce beats heau'ns blessings hēce.
"It is *Detraction* to conceale due praise,
"When good related, might more goodnes raise.
"It is not flattery to report truth well,
"True glasses both our faults and fauors tell.
Here then receiue this one worke royall *Iames*,
Which now reflects vpon thee, and more fames
This Church and kingdom, then thy birth, crown,
Or what els makes thee the good king of men. (pen
I sing thy Iustice, whose cleer raies giues light,
To neighbour Princes in this ignorant night
Of miserie, error, and corrupt *Respect*,
How to informe aright their intellect.
And (hauing here on earth, mongst christian kings
And Pagans shone) it mōuts the winds swift wings
Calming the sea, bounding her ebs and tides,
And in her monthly chāge the moist Moon guides.
Then fores vp higher, and informes the Sunne,
How mongst the signes in an euen line to run;
How to make daies, and nights, and higher yet

Mounts, till it be in the first Mouer set.
Two warlike kingdomes linck't in happy peace.
When they beheld how common fewdes did cease
And saw how strongly blest that concord stands,
Where brethren ioyne first harts, and after hands,
Resolu'd that course; turn'd marches into Maskes,
And reuelling tissues wore for massier Caskes.
Steeds traind for ready fight, learnd now to pace,
And knew no foes but Bucks and Hares; nor race
But on smooth plaines for wagers, or for sport,
Not for loued life; where Camp's lay, lay the Court.
Keene swords that bit the bone, abated now
Kist without making skars, or help'd the plow
To draw long furrowes on the fruitfull earth,
Least Peace should (breeding teeth too fast) breede
Blũt foiles were on sharp poïted rapiers set, (dearth.
And so Lord *Sanquier* and poore *Turner* met.
They met to play; there *Sanquier* lost an eie.
O *Britaine*! canst thou nothing further spie,
In this then his losse? Look vp now and see;
Securitie hath ta'ne an eye from thee.
Ill didst thou ward that blow; If sport hurt so,
O what will open force and malice doe?
Thy King rides, hunts, and falls. Are horses then
Turn'd traitors too? will beasts proue like to men?
Can Kings find sportfull peace so hazardous?
To armes then *Cesar*, shun the Senate-house.
Like poison, ponyards, pistolls, *Death* aboue
Attends on *Princes* when they feed, sleep, moue;
Beneath like powder, that the ground they tread,
Seems all one continent, to quick and dead.
And is't not so vvith others too? behold,

This

This silly Fencer, in his ignorance bold
Think's his submissiue sorrow will suffice
For that vnhappy thrust at *Sanquiers* eyes;
And begging pardon, seemes to haue it then.
What foole dares trust the vnseald words of mē?
Yet *Turner* will. A reconciled foe
"Seemes a true friend, to him would haue him so.
He thinks (now *Dunne* is dead) to die in peace.
"But blood cries out for blood, & doth not cease
"Til vengeance followes. Vengeāce euen at hand
Waits like a treacherous Groome of *Sanquirs*, and
(When *Turner* nothing of his neere death thinkes,
But laughes, & plaies, & to his death's-man drinks.)
Let's his charg'd pistol flie, whose mouth spits lead
With fire-wing'd speede, striking the Fencer dead.
"No ward avoydes that blow. *Pale Death* we see
"A fellow-gamester in all sports will be.
The Murtherers flee; *Iustice* pursues with speede,
Th' *Abettor*, *Actor*, *Author* of this deede;
Who (apprehended) apprehend too late
(If friends helpe not,) the issue of their fate.
But friends will helpe. One steps vnto the King,
Kneels & thus pleads. *Leige lord*, you are the spring
From whence *Nobility* flowes. And all our blood
The neerers yours it comes, the neerer good.
As you first gaue, so let your powre preserue
Those that are set apart the Crowne to serue.
Others by fit election, these by fate
Are made hereditarie to the State.
Distinguish'd from the common ranke of those
Who only know they are, not whence they rose.
And priuiled'ge aboue the raskall rout,

Whose words are deeds haue referēce to account.
Else why did our bold fathers with the losse
Of lymmes and liues, honors for vs ingrosse?
Or why doe these new *Nobles* deerely buy
Those attributes for which they dare not die?
Or why should land or gold, which all things can
Be giuen for tytles, if they mend not man,
And something adde besides an emptie sound,
To recompence the losse of gold and ground?
If honour doth nought but a name afforde,
A Lordship then is better then a Lord.
" *Nobility* this priuiledge doth bring,
" It makes the owner something like a king;
" Exempting him from penall lawes, which crack
" With heauy pressure the poore Commons back.
This (Sir) I speake t'excite your royall power
To rescue Noble *Sanquir*, who this houre
Is by the too-strick't vnrespectiue lawes
Condemn'de to die a villaines death. The cause
And quarrell this. The Baron chaunc'd to play
With a rude fencer; where both did bewray
Their best abilitie at *Rapier* foyles.
The fencer to vphold his credit toyles,
But wanteth skill; which makes his hate arise;
And with an enuious thrust at *Sanquirs* eyes,
The wicked and inchanted foyle deprives
An eye of sight, worth many Fencers liues.
The suffering Lord forbeares to kill him then
But being after scorn'de by watermen,
Fidlers, and such base instruments of hell
For this foule blemish, his great heart did swell.
And (full of noble courage) loth to doe

So

So blacke a deede himselfe, he puts it to
His mans performance, who obaide too soone.
Repentance came before the deede was done.
The equall lawes to equalls doth appoint
An eye should haue an eye, ioynt answer ioynt.
But where such oddes of persons be, I gesse
An eye should haue a life to boote, no lesse.
Yet not on this or that doth *Sanquir* stand,
His death, his life, his doome is in your hand.
He doth confesse the foulenesse of his guilt,
He sorrowes for the blood that he hath spilt.
Your mercy (royall Sir,) he doth implore
For this rash act, who neuer beg'd before.
Scarce had he done, and e're the king could speake,
An other thus begins. If you should wreake
Each English peasants life with blood so hie
As noble *Sanquirs* is, No memorie
Of your faire traine, of Natiue Scots, should stand,
To let times know the glory of that land.
Souldiers must doffe their armes, & gowns put on,
If villanies so foule may passe vpon
Lords vnrqueng'de; or if those antique names,
Those honours, trophees, and eternall fames,
We got by killing many Englishmen,
Be for the death of one, thus lost agen.
If thus to quench the fewde you pleased are,
You thereby quench the heart of lawfull warre.
Remember what a souldier he hath bin;
How easly might forget it was a sinne.
And thinke he did but chastice one of those
VVho against his Leader muteni'de, and rose.
Many of th'English haue beene pardoned

For treasons capitall. Some honored
For their knee seruice, and no other merit.
Then (Sir) let vs who lineally inherit
Allegeance, worth, and honors; sometime find
You left not all your Scottish blood behind.
Nor meane to leaue vs in the hands of those
Who kill with law more friends, then fewdes kill (foes.
Thus ended he; And then as in a Queere
Of solemne singers, one shall euer heare
After the Trebles hath the Antheme sung,
And their deuisions with shrill vtterance rung;
The Base, the Tenor, Counter-tenor sweet,
With Howboyes, Cornets, trumpets, Organs meet,
And ioyne their hie stretcht notes; that all the ring
Seems Eccho like, their sonnets to resing.
So did the graue and gallant troops, which stood
About the King (like a dew-dropping wood)
Conuey their powres to make this consort full
And cried; Be stil'd *King Iames the mercifull.*
Or (if to satisfie the course of Law,
And stop *Opinions* wide-gull-swallowing law)
Life must haue life, take *Carlisle*, one for one,
And one to boote too; so this Lord be none.
With that (as if all aymes would this aduance)
Comes from the Regent, and the King of *France*,
Letters, intreating for their pensioners life.
And last, as if the difference of a wife
Should from this fact take characters, to know
A true good wife, from a good wife in show:
Comes his forsaken Lady all in blacke,
(Whose youth from him did due beneuolēce lack)
Weeping, intreating, for her lost Lords sinne.

And

And then (like fullomes that run euer in)
A baile of Gossips (some true beggars borne,
Pittying this Lord more then the Lord of Lorne)
Beg his remission with obstreperous voice:
But mongst the rest, she that made lowdest noise,
Was *Turners* widdow, whose shrill throte did yell,
That she was satisfied, and all was well.
The King abhord it and his vpright heart,
Beholding these assaults on euery part,
Made it his glory to be only good,
And frō his crowne to wipe those staines of blood.
Thus he replies: The crowne for Iustice sake,
Heau'n placd vpō our head; which none can shake
Or touch till with iniustice we make way,
And (for respect) that strickt rule disobay.
God is our guard of proofe, that we may be
A guard to you vnpartiall, iust, and free.
And this stands firme; If one hand goes about
To signe a croock't line, th'other blurs it out.
O magnanimity, aboue a Man!
O Iustice more confirm'd, then that which wan
Zeleucus so much fame! Corrupt with gold
States, Courtiers, Law, or wiues that will be sold.
Peruert with passion euery solid heart,
Moue *Stoickes*, or melt marble with thy art,
Iustice sits still vntouch'd, with kingly care,
Not pardoning till true mercy bids him spare.
And then not striking, though the life he giues,
Repines, and enuies that the giuer liues.
Deni'de they vanish, as the cloudes disperse,
When the hot shining Sunne looks red and fierce.
The law proceeds; the Actors suffer first,

A death too-good, too-bad; the best, the worst.
The Author then submits him to his doome,
And dies a *Catholike*; *That's a man of Rome*:
O *Rome!* Liues yet that woolf which was thy Nurse
Whē (growing great) thou grewst ꝑ whole world
May non yet leap thy wals, or leaue thy Sea (curse
Vnslaine, though he a King and brother be?
Retain'st thou yet that sauage kinde, to pray
On the distressed flock which shuns thy way?
Doe all that sucke thy brests, for milke suck blood
Dare none that spring from thee die wel, do good
Must *Gibbets* onely rock them to their rest?
Doe they desire that death? become they't best?
Must *Traytors*, *Murtherers*, onely be thy *Saints*?
Weare none white robes but such as scarlet paints
Else why doe all euill men so soone drinke vp
The deadly lees of thy inchaunted cup?
Or why doe fooles so credit what *Rome* saith,
But for they easely learne implicit faith?
If *Rome* keepe heauen keyes, (as'tis out of dout,)
None dares barre *Lambert*, or Lord *Sanquir* out:
Nor neede they feare, where *Iesuits* haue to doe,
Garnet shalbe a *Saint*, and *Iudas* too:
Their writings and examples murther teach;
They'le not cōdemn the doctrine ẇ they preach
This makes our desperate *Ruffins*, *Romanes* die.
And our crack'd Virgins seeke a *Nunnerie*.
Iustice rise *Lyon*-like out of thy sleepe,
The Westerne *Wolues* worrie thy *Irish Sheepe*:
And here at home the borders swarme with those
Who do initiate, breede, & beget thee foes. (wide
The * star thou think'st to close, these make more

* Vnion.

" Tru

"True faith vnites, but their faith doth deuide.
The * *Grimes* are banish'd, but worse Foxes earth Anno 1. Iacob.
In those vast places, through the Gospels dearth.
The Humour that feedes these, affects the heart,
And doth dilate it selfe through euery part
By secret influence, though it closely lurkes,
Causes are best discouered by their workes.
Examples though they doe no other ill,
Rebell against the Lawes in being still.
They countenance giue to error, and curbe in
Bolde reprehension, making truth a sinne.
Who hides his question'd faith he ought reueale,
Will vtter what perhaps he should conceale.
Hunt out these Foxes then; it is a sport
Fitting a King, a Councell, and a Court.
Vse hounds that lie not, or flie out; for such
Spend freely, sweetly, but the ground ne're touch:
They please the eare and eye, but neuer minde
To kill the Game. Those *Cubs* are of their kinde.
But stay, take off, we ryot; leaue the sent;
Plaine Truth cannot be slaine, but may be shent.

The

A quignispicium.

The State *is cast*; God *doth beholde*
Eyes blinde, eares deafe, tongues dumbe with colde.
Daies care to get, gets nightly cares,
Which memorie foyles, and iudgement marres.
The faint heart (slowly beating) tels
Dull spirits in the slacke nerue dwels.
The Liuer boyles with lustfull blood:
Weake stomacke *brookes no meate that's good.*
Loose palsie makes the hands to tremble,
When they for loue shake, they dissemble.
The gowty knees doe stifly bend;
The feete walke slow to all good end.
The Doctor *saith*; Repent, fast, pray,
Die, *or this diet take we may.*

God bends his bowe but shoots not; see, it stãds
As if the stiffe string were in Mans own hãds.
Or God first plac'd it so, that Man might know
How prone to peace he is, to warre how slow.
That couenant which he made w̃ *Noah*, he keeps,
His Mercy euer wakes, his Iustice sleepes.
And though our sinnes a second *Deluge* craues,
Ne'l drẽch the world no more in those saltwaues.
That hurt frõ heauẽ fals, first frõ th'erth proceeds,
And Mans misfortune springs frõ mans misdeeds.
Misdeedes ye frõ our selues, friends, countrey come,
And where they should on all, light but on some.
The snow, haile, rain, are by the Suns pure beames
Halde from standing *Marishes*, whose steames
Infect the ayre with foggy mists, and then
Are botteld vp in clouds for sinfull men.
And for Mans good, in season they distill
Out of season, to amend the ill.
The plagues we feele fall at the head and foote,
Ere shafts gainst God our hands first vpward shoot.
Presumptuous sinnes in Country and at Court,
Greatnesse, and *Grace*, and *Fauour* do support.
The *Pulpit* flatters; *Iustice* sits and smiles,
Making a gainefull skill, of lingring wiles. (faults
Who hath great friends liues free, and wanteth
But without friends the vpright innocẽt haults.
Ere now prouides vs raiment, meate and drinke,
Do how t'increas't, not how to curb't we thinke.
Old men waxe impudent, lasciuious, wilde,
That fits them best, which scarce becomes a child.

Alluding to the Rainebowe.

Young

Yong Men are stubborne, disobedient, stout,
And rule, & teach, euen from the swathing clout
They al things know & can but (what they ought)
Themselu's and *vertue*. These they neuer sought.
Fashions from *Spaine*, *France*, *Germany*, and *Rome*
And *Turkie* too, with their *Religions* come.
So they are suited fayre from top to toe,
And each new-suite in a new faith they goe.
Matrons that are not dead nor yet aliue,
But betwixt both, in some part vegetiue,
Crown their smooth scalps w̃ haire, w̃ now make
A second Mistres ready for the graue. (braue
Yong Maids (that go for such) are Mothers known
And such as should be none, are virgines showne.
Some church-mẽ haue 2. wiues, & some will none
Some wiues may haue 2. husbands, some not one
All things are out of order. Lawes are made
Strong meanes not to defend but to invade.
Then why should we limit the sea, or fire
VVithin their bounds, and not our owne desire?
Southward th' Armado, and the fleetes of *Spaine*,
(Oft beaten) seeme to threaten vs againe.
And East and West the *Seas* would meete we see
But that (O wonder!) *Northward* blest we bee.
The want of water was the cause before (shore
Those huge built hulkes, could not approch on
VVho came resolu'de of conquest: and did stand
As if they ment to beare away our land.
Poore Ile so small thou wert, and they so great
Too-scant a sea for them that was thy seate.
But had they staide till now, now might they ride
On the swolne-waues at ease in all their pride.

Ann. Dom. 1588.

The seas broke in before West, now East.

And

And into euery hauen their bolde Ships stere,
As if no sands, barres, shallowes, had bin there.
We know whens'ere they come, God can prouide
Such seas, so high, so vncontrold a tyde,
Able without their *Enuie*, or their ayde
To burie vs: for see how he hath laid
Our workes all leuell; draines, dikes, sluces, banks,
Fields, pastures, gardēs, mannors, farmes, & franks,
With Man their owner, and what Man doth feed,
Are buried with a sea of teares indeede.
Nouember did we scape thy fift day thus, Powder treason.
That euery day thou should'st be ominous?
Doe we so soone forget the sixt day, last P. H. his death.
And worst of all daies to our Iland past,
That thus we should so oft remembred be, (free?
From what strange thraldome we were once set
Or doe the waters thus breake in to showe
How humorous and irregular vices flowe?
How *Saint*-like *Sacriledge* doth impropriate?
And calme *Oppression* swallowes *Church* and *State*?
How close *Hypocrisie* bends his courtly knee,
And (wanting al faith) would haue al faith's free?
How holy *Hymens* sacred bands are broken,
His torch extinguish'd, and his rites fore-spoken?
How gotish lusts needes all those waues to slake
His scorching flames, hot as th'infernall lake?
Or is't for all these crimes, and more vntolde,
The faithfull Sea, which wont our Ile to holde
In his moist armes, (from strange assaults secure,)
Hath chang'd his loue to this sad ouerture?
And (for our sinnes) learnes vs to fast and pray,
Bringing in fish, sweeping our flesh away?

That

Mershland in Norfolke.

That land which (*Goshen* like) did flow while-ere,
With all that Man desires or life holdes deere;
So that no spot in all this Iles large field,
The sythe more hay, sickle more corne did yeeld:
Where sweetnes was the sauce, and fatnesse fed,
Whil'st *Dearth*, and *Famine* from the confines fled:
Where the stiffe-vdder'd *Cow* long'd twice a day,
To meete the merry milke maide on the way:
And missing her by chance, wrot on the ground,
With milk-white letters where she wold be found;
Now prostrate lyes; the goodly beauty foil'd,
The wealth wash'd thence, the gardes & trenches (spoil'd.
O what assurance haue we then in clay
Which (if not Lawyers) *Seas* thus eate away?
Build farre from waters, that secures thy feare,
Though lesse thy profit be, safe dwelling there.

New-market.

O no; what's that I see? a raging flame
Mounts vp in yonder plaine, and none can tame
His hot misgouern'd furie. Water here
Some crie, but no such element is neere.
Like a mad-Dog that through the thronged streets
Ranging with rage snatcheth at all he meetes,
And all that bitten are, as mad as he,
Runne raging too, that few or none scape free.
The crie is vp, and euery man stands arm'd,
To do he knowes not what till he harm'd,
And then to saue himselfe neglects the rest,
And madly mischiefe does when he meanes best.
Or as a towne of strength, at dead of night,
Surpriz'd (by sodaine stratagem or slight,)
The people (with the allarum bell awak'd)
Run out to see what newes amaz'd and nak'd;

And

And meeteing death abroade, for life run home,
And finde their howses sack'd before they come.
Then turning back again they know not whither,
Flocke all on heapes and dye like friends togither.
Soe far'de it there; the fire flew vp and downe
Snatching at euery house within the towne. (saue,
And whilst one thought his neighbors house to
He sees his owne doth instant succour craue.
Heare standes an *Ale-house* tosting, & the *Hostis*
Swearing his false-scor'de tally burn'd or lost is.
The *Tapster* (wanting water) plies with ale
The thirstie fire which drinks both new & stale,
And by that oyly-lyquor is not quenched
But rather (*Drunkard* like) in rage incensed.
The *Host* (in steade of pailes) fils pots, & sweares
Hee'le vse no penny pots that want theire eares
Wisheth his luggs were bigger, he would fil them,
And (but in vaine) on the wild fire doth spill them.
Here stares an *Ostler* whil'st the flame makes cea-
On his small bo: tells and his ostry measure. (sure
And here a Chamberlane giues quick attendance
To saue his pretty fagots with a vengeance.
Those pretty faggots which firehot being eate
In a cold morning, scarce would make one sweate.
Heare runs a rauening vsurer doglike tyred
Betwixt his own house and the mort-gagde fired.
Here flames a barne of some ingrossing farmer.
And here the study burnes of some false Termer.
Here stands a kenell, there a rack and Manger
For running horses, but both stay the daunger.

A Baude houles heere, and heere a neast of whores
Burnde oft within are now burnde out of Dores.
Heere is *a Tobacco* shop, and in the *Celler*
The *India Diuel*, our baud, witch, whore, mã-queller
That spirit waster, and that Liuer heater
Of t'humor radicall that greedy eater,
That breath corrupter, and quick eisight spoyler,
That wit confounder, and strong Memory foiler,
That pickpurs, theefe, time-cheater, connycatcher,
That alehouse haunter, and fell mischeefe hatcher,
That all-compownded euill of euery Nation,
Too bad (almost) for th'English imitation,
Tobacco, by the fire was there caroused
With large pettounes, in pisse perfum'de & soused.
Thus what full many thrifty yeeres erected,
One prodigall flame hath wasted and deiected.
And now (behold) the prowder *Chimnies* stand
As heyres left-well, who wasted haue their lande,
Of whom the common people vse to say,
It's pitty proper men should thus decay;
Yet none releeues them, or buildes vp their state
To such an eminent fortune as of late.
Mongst these one *Chimny* stands, where passers by
May reade this sentence with a running eie,
Nothing is so close carried or concealde,
Which shall not be in his due tyme reuealde.
Whether by chance or by diuine decree,
(For so all humane actions order'd bee)
This obiect stands, that all may make good vse
Of what they see, or quit them from excuse,

Ile

Ile not determine. Let it bee my folly
Rather then bee prophane, to bee too holly.
Hee that once drown'de the world, can if he please,
Drowne part or the whole world againe with ease:
But since his word is past, though we abound
VVith that which causde the former world be drownd,
Hee'le keepe his promise, and the sea restraine
From ouerflowing sinfull flesh againe.
Yet is it in his power the whole t'immerse
In variable woes; plagues to disperse
In the most frequent streetes, most fragrant fields,
That th'ayre may breath out death vñ health now yeelds.
Or thin-cheek'd *Famine* (thogh a stranger borne)
VVho now to know on fridaies th'English scorne,
VVho of all forrainers is worst intreated,
His fashion left, himselfe in prison seated,
May be familiar with our countrimen
(Like a post-*Natus*, or free Denizen)
And that without an act, if God thinke good,
Though all the Peeres, & commons it withstood.
Fire, ayre, earth, water, all are his: he can
VVith or without these saue or punish Man.
No place is free from him, nothing is hid,
He knowes what *Faukes*, *Persie*, and *Catesby* did
Vnder the ground; and what new plots doe come
From hell, or from hells counsell *Chamber* (*Rome.*)
And this, (and all els) his blest hand reueales
To his elect, and with deliuerance seales.
Attend his pleasure then; first we shall see
Rome burne, and all with *Rome* that lynked be.

Then the whole world, and that fire shall disclose
Each truth, each falshood, and each cause of those.
Till then, these waters doe but wash the slime
Of *Babell* from this too-indifferent time.
These petty fires, kindle our loue and zeale,
(Halfe-dead) to King, the church & cõmon-weale.
(Affliction proffits. Strike vs (Lord) in loue;
Let thy milde hãd each way our firme faith proue.
But let not *Babell* triumph in our fall,
Nor any that on *Baall*, or *Dagon* call.

TO THE HONOVR OF THE *ILLVSTRIOVS FAMILY OF THE* CECILLS deseruing of this Common-wealth *all the Romaine wreaths of tryumph: The* memorable Pyramids of Egypt: And all other Trophees of Eternity.

As by on mouer, motion, doth commence,
Euen from the *Center*, to circumference:
So from one good *Man* many may arise
Like-good, like-apt, like-faithful, and like wise.
This now is verified; The *Cecills* are
Statesmen in time of peace, Souldiers in warre.

Epicedium.

What needes, this Monument be raisd?
What needes, the *Muses* sing this worth?
What needes, thy memory be praisd?
Or what needes Art, thy fame set forth?
Let Art, time, gold, the *Muse*, and men,
Guild falshood, folly, ignorance,
Let them conspire gainst thee; and then,
The more they shall thy worth aduance.
They worke, write, raile, or praise to please,
But *Truth* giues vertue, life, not these.

Darius on a graue-ſtone found
This *Epitaph* : Who digs this ground
Shall treaſure find. The greedy King
Dig'd there, but found another thing.
Within was written; Had'ſt not been
A beaſtly minded man, I ween
The harmleſſe bones of the deceaſt
Had in their quiet tombs tane reſt.
Who rips the coffins of the dead,
Findes fame and honour thence are fled
With life, the *Subiect* of their Ire;
Stench onely ſtaies to pay their hire.
"*Worth* hath his *Epicedium* ſung
"By enuies ſhrill and ſlandrous tongue.

When that rich *ſoule* of thine (now ſaincted) kept
Her State on Earth, my humble *Muſe* nere ſlept
Out of that ſweet content wherein ſhe dwelt,
To ſing the worth, th'effects whereof we felt.
But now ſince death hath freedome giuen to the
To ſee thy ſcorne made others flattery,
And that each mouſe on the dead Lyon leaps,
And euery riming pen, forged matter heapes
On thy bright frame, caſting their owne baſe du
Vpon thy honour'd hearſe, (minding more hur
To thee then *Death* or *Hell* can doe) I may
And muſt be bold (or ſinne) this truth to ſay,
Each euidence thy foes bring, ſpeakes thy praiſe:
For what can more thy fame and glory raiſe

The

Then to be rail'd on by the worst of men
Such as like out-lawes liue not in the kenn
Of *Iustice*, or communitie? Base slaues
Whose crimes and sins make their owne neast their (graues.
T'was meet thy vertues eminent and hie
Should not vnenuied liue, vnslandred dye:
For then we haue fear'd thou had'st not beene
So absolute a man; now it is seene
Euen by those many shadowes *Enuy* throwes,
That thy worth was substantiall, and not showes.
Detraction is perplext, and flies about
Ouer a world of Acts to single out
Some one or two in thy whole life to scan,
And proue by them (what *Death* did) thou wer't (man:
Yet seeing that past credit, she descends
To view thy body, and her venome spends
Not against it but nature, which did shroud
So great a sunne vnder so small a cloud.
But we that plainely see men sildome rise
Though they be learned, iudicious, daring wise,
Except the body somewhat suites the mind,
And good cloathes sute the body too; are blind
And mad with enuie if we yeild not thee
Worth aboue thought, who to that high degree
Rose through the eminent parts of this blest soule,
Aboue contempt, disgrace, scorne or controwle.
Nature did recompence thy want of clay
With heauenly fire; thy body could not stay
Thy actiue soule heere longer, t'was too light
A clog to keepe from *Heauen* so strong a spright.
Well might thy body be a soule to those
Whose more grosse earthen soules did late cõpose

Black libells gainſt thy fame, & rak'd ſo low
Into thy purged excrements to knowe
What foule diſeaſe durſt kill thee, and then found
Many were guilty: for it could not ſound
They thought like truth, that one diſeaſe ſlue thee
When they hauing all yet ſcape to *Deddick* free.
By this they ſhew that what ſo ere wee thinke,
They knowe all thoſe diſeaſes by th'inſtinck,
They are familier with them and of kin,
To their firſt cauſes of being deadly ſinne,
And of the elders houſe too. For the diuell
(Chiefe libeller formes all degrees of euill
And like good boies of his theſe labour too
(More then diſeaſe or *Death* or *Hell* can doe)
To kill the ſoule and to bely a fame (ſhame
Which laughes to ſcorne or *Scornes* and ſhames all
You that ſtand next the helme & think y' are free
From their ſharpe viperous tongues, it cannot bee
If death comes, theſe *Rauens* follow & perchance
Time fauouring their deſires th'eile leade the dance
And raile at you too. Tis not you they hate
But our bleſt King, Religion and the State.
And if (which God forefend) ſo ſtood the time
Y'ould ſee they could do worſe then they can rime
Now I haue throwne my ſelfe into the way
To meete their rage, & (if I can) to ſtay
Their doglike malice rather on my head
Then ſuffer it polute and wrong the dead.
If they alledge I giue him more then due,
You know their cuſtomes, they cannot ſpeak true
But if they ſay I gaue him leſſe, their ſpite
Shewes neither I nor they can do him right.

Th

The ſunne paſt by degrees thoſe ſignes
Which to his ſothern ſeate inclines,
And nowe in Leo ſate aloft.
The ſweating labourer bans him oft,
The Shepheard melts, and ore the Plaine,
His new ſhorne-ſheepe ſeeke ſhades in vaine.
The Marchant, Sea-man, euery Trade
They ſay by him are Banckrupt made.
He heares it and (at height of noone)
Hides his bright beames behind the Moone.
They ſadly know it that doth preſage
Dearth, death, warre, want to euery age:
And then his late wiſht abſence mone;
A Fooles wiſemen miſſe when they are gone.

SInce its decreed in heauen, foūd true on earth,
That al things haue an end which had a birth;
That no eſtate is fixed, nights followe noone,
Ebs ſecond floods, change fils the horned Moone
Which wanes againe at full, and ſhewes the glory
Of *Earths* beſt eſſence to be tranſitory:
Howe happy is that man whoſe fate exſpires
Before declenſion crowned with his deſires,
And hath his daies by vertuous actions told,
Gueſſing howe much he would had he been olde,
Since yong his noted deeds out-vied his daies
And he lack'd not true worth but rather praiſe:
Fewe touch this point, yet hither ſeem to bend
Preuenting ruine with a violent end
So *Otho*, and the *Perſian Monarck* fell,
But this ſteepe way precipitates to *Hell*

flattering

Flattering with ſeeming help our wretched ſtate,
Not curing woes, but making deſperate:
Our way is holy, white, and leades to bliſſe
Not by oblique attempts. For nature is
Made priuy with our paſſage, and wee ſtaie
Till ſhe leades gently on, Grace making way.
Not euery common *President* can fit
This golden rule, all ayme but few can hitt
This narrowe paſſage which more fames the man,
Then ſayling twiſe through fatall *Magelan*:
Or girdling all the earth with one ſmall bote,
Diſcouering gold, new worlds, things of rare note.
From hence the ground of thy great praiſes ſpring
O *Cecill* loued of God, good men, the King,
Borne vp not by ſtolne nimps or borowed plumes,
Which letts the fal who with high flight preſumes
Nere the ſunns ſcorchig beames; thy natiue worth
Vertue and actiue knowledge ſet thee forth
This Kingdomes *Pilot* where no ſtorme or ſtreſſe
Would make thee loſe thy compaſſe or expreſſe
A ſhew of doubt, but firmly guide our ſtate
As th'adſt beene ruler both of chance and fate.
This well thy Maſter ſaw, who therefore plac'd
The next himſelfe, and with high honours grac'de
Thy great deſerts: more could'ſt thou not deſire
Nor earth afforde, yet that which we require
Was aboue this, euen in the top of theſe,
Beeing neerer heauen thither to mount with eaſe
As if th'adſt tane th'advantage of the time
On *Greatnes* ſtaires, helpt by good deeds to clime.
O happy thou, but wretched creatures wee
To ſee thy flight, and yet to ſlander thee:

To

To feele the fruite of thy life wasting care,
Which zealous for our good, no time would spare,
To cherrish nature, that we thus being free
Should onely freedome vse to raile at thee.
Our idlenesse proclaimes thy well spent time,
Since by thy meanes we leisure haue to rime,
Whil'st neighbour States are acting it in blood,
Which we scarce heare of, neuer vnderstood:
The benefite thy sunne giues to our sight,
We see not halfe so well by day as night.
Want giues a grace to goodnes, when th'inioying
Confounds and dazells sense like hony cloying.
Rome needes no target til the sword be lost:
Whil'st *Nestor* wakes, well may *Thirsites* boast.
Fishers and expert Masters are all one
In calmes and deepes, the ship there goes alone.
But when the windes, seas, rocks, & sands do fight,
The Skilfull Master then keepes all vpright:
We feare no stormes, the *Porpuses* doe play,
The *Dolphins* dance, and *Proteus* flocks doe stray
O're *Neptunes* watry kingdome safe and free,
None casting doubts, or fearing what may be.
May this calme last perpetuall, and faith then
We ne're shal need thee *Cecill* nor such men:
Others we haue to fill thy roome thou gone,
So *Aristippus* saith; stone sits on stone.
We yet are senseleſſe of thy losse, and find
No danger in't. Like some within the wind
Of a great shot, whose violent thunder driues
The sense into distraction and depriues
The eare of present vse: so did report
Of thy death make vs mad to raile and sport,

To

To temporiſe, lye, flatter; ſo defaming
Our ſelues, ſtate, manners, law, religion ſhaming:
But now the fit being paſt, tis plain to ſenſe (cence.
" Though man forbeares *Heauen* pleades for inno-
" *Vertue* o'recomes by ſufferãce, & good deedes
" Are fenc'd by *Calumny*, as herbes by weeds.

The *Cynicke* ſicke and like to die,
To ſuch as askt where he would lie,
Made anſwer where you will; the field
Is large and roome enough doth yeeld.
But they reply'd, the fields are wild;
Rauenous beaſt and vermin vil'd
Haunt thoſe places; *Kites* and *Crowes*
Who to dead men no mercy ſhowes.
True (quoth he) but if you pleaſe
Lay a ſtaffe to driue hence theſe.
T'is onely man I feare aliue,
From my graue beaſts onely driue.
" Thoug (liuing) we haue ſtaues for dogs
" Dead w'are rooted vp by hogs.

Epitaphium.

Romes poiſon, *Spaines* complots, the *French* deſignes
Thy skill foreſees, diſcouers, vndermines.
Dog-like they lick'd the duſt, crouch't low & found
Whẽ (liuing) thy skil'd power did ought cõmand
But (dead) they madly rage, grinn, ſome for ſpite
For toothleſſe curres will barke that cannot bite.

A

A DIALOGVE BETWIXT A Clocke, a Sunne-Dyall, and a *VVeathercocke.*

IN ſome part of the World, I know not where,
But ſure Sir *Mandewile* was neuer there,
Betwixt a Clocke and a Sunne-dyall fell
A difference which I with ſorrow tell.
With ſorrow, for this error calls to minde
Th'vncertainety, which we in Story finde;
Where computations croſſe, and makes vs doubt
Of what we all ſeeke, cannot one finde out.
How to agree, and reconcile th'obſcure,
The fabulous, and certaine *Age* of oure.
The Age obſcure, is that before the Floud:
The Fabulous, on fained Wonders ſtood
The race of gods, in golden Legends told,
Where for ſad truths, mad fictions were enrold.
This latter age more plaine and cleere, we call
The certaine Age, or th'Age *Hiſtoricall,*
Yet howres, and daies, and yeers haue ſure bin loſt.
In ſome of theſe, which our accounts hath croſt.
And ſo they eaſily might, when from the Sunne
To lying Clocks for our accounts we runne.
This tale makes all apparant, or at leaſt,
Makes probable, what ſome haue thought a ieaſt.
Within a Churchard once a Diall ſtoode
Vpon a ſquare-hewne Marble, which the Flood

Cambden in his Britan.

Alluding to the Ages of the Church.

1. the Primitiue, by reason of outward perſecution, being obſcure.

2. The ſecond vnder the Spirituall perſecution of Antichriſt, being fabulus.

3. The third being our Age, where Controuerſies are tried by the cleare Sunne-ſhine of Gods VVord, and ſo certaine and Hiſtoricall.

In

In vaine with enuious waues had often sought
To spoile, when it the whole world vnder brought.
But *Seth's* wise sonnes had fastned it so sure,
It could all stormes, and stresse of tymes endure.
And thereon they had caru'd the Art, and lore
They learned of their Grandsire long before.
Vpon a *Church* a steeples side neere hand
A goodly Clock of curious work did stand:
Which ouer payde with lead or out of frame,
Did tyme miscall, and euery hower misname.
The *Diall* hearing this, aloude gan crye (a lye
Kinde neighboure Clock your glib tounge tells
Reforme your error, for my *Gnomon* saith
You gad too fast, and misse an howers faith.
Foole (quoth the Clocke) reforme thy selfe by me,
The fault may in thy *Gnomon* rather bee.
Ha'dst thou tould euer truth, to what end then
Was I plac'de heere, by th'art of cunning Men?
The weather Cock vpon the steeple standing
And with his sharpe eye all about commaunding,
Heard their contention, wild them to appeale
To him the Cheefe of all that Commonweale.
Told them that he was set to *Ouersee*
And to appease, to guide and to agree
All diff'rence in that place; and whatsoe're
He setteth downe from *Iustice* cannot erre.
For from the wind he information takes (makes
Which searcheth through the world, and swiftly
A true suruay of euery proofe and cause,
And doth of *Reason* know the grownd, and lawes.
He bids them boldly speake, & bring their pleas,
And hee'le define th'infallible truth with ease.

Poyd. Virg. Rer. Inuen. Cap. 14. lib. 1.

Motus præcedit tempus naturaliter, & Tempus consequitur motum. Arist. Physic. lib. 4. Causatur autem motus primo

The

The *Dial* then beginnes. This globe-like world
From Center to Circumference being whorl'd
In neuer-resting motion, maketh time
In sundry reuolutions fall and clime.
This Time the measure of all measurable things
Comes with lead-heeles, flies hēce with fiery wīgs.
Sleepes with two eyes, hath two eyes euer waking,
Twixt minuts, houres, daies, nights, distinctiō ma-
And thogh the differēce & degrees of change (king.
And seuerall yeares be wonderfull and strange
Some by the Moone, some reckoning by the Sun,
And some the great yeare, whē the heauens hauing
Their cōpleat course, doe to that point arriue (run
Whence the first mouer, them did motion giue;
Yet the most generall certaine count of all
Is measur'd by the Sunne, whose rise and fall
Makes day, and night, and noone, & midnight too,
Spring, Summer, Winter, Autumne, and the two
Solsticiums, *Equinoctials*, and the houres
Now naked, and then deck't in gaudy flowers.
This *Adam* to his *Grandsons* hauing told,
With other Arts, and wonders manifold,
How all the world both fire and flood should try;
They plac't me heere, to tell posterity
Such hidden mysteries. And to direct
The wiser *Soules* deepe-diuing intellect,
About me they haue graued seauen liberall arts,
The *Sciences*, with their diuiner parts.
A circle, and a *Gnomon* set aboue
With Characters, which as the Sunne doth moue
In his ascent, or low declension, tells
The certaine houre, degree, & all things else.

& principaliter à circumuolutione Cœli. Arist.

Motus est transitus à termino ad terminum.

Tempus est rerum mutabilium mensura. Arist.

Vigilat tempus cum dormire videtur. Dumque vigilat simul dormit. Idemque cum stat, volat; & cum volat, consistit. Vincen. Chartarius.

Sunt annorum diuersa genera.
1. Annus lunaris.
2. Annus Solaris.
3. Annus Magnus.

But

Perse cutions are like clouds and stormes, which benight the Gospell. The Morning is deliuerance from error and darknes by the Gospell; which obtaines free passage, and cleeres and reformes the abuses of superstitious times.

But for my speech was slow, and cause the Sunne
Did often vnder clouds for pleasure runne,
Succeeding ages did this *Clocke* out finde
T'attend on me, and to declare my minde.
From me intelligence and rules to gather (ther.
To measure night, close stormes, and cloudy we-
And in the Morne, finding his reckoning wrong,
By my straight rule, to tune and set his song.
But this forgetfull Clocke at randome strikes,
Not as I bid, but fondly what it likes:
Robs short-liu'de Man of his most pretious time,
And orderlesse, doth others orders chime.
It will not follow me, but wanting wit,
Would haue the *Sunne* and *Me* to waite on it.
This matter so apparant, though I might
Wild *VVeather-Cocke*, except against your right
To iudge, and think you partiall at the least, (well,
Since you or'e-cloude mee when the Sun come
And wil take part with it, that's in the name,
In nature, and in site, almost the same
With you; yet know I'le not refuse
Thy censure, but high place with honour vse.
Thus did the *Dial* end, and then the *Clock*
Low-louting to the prowder Weather *Cock*,
Began his plea. Thou mighty Soueraigne
Which doest the vniuersall Iudge remaine
In all those places, where thy pearcing eye
Can see, or my shrill voice be heard to crye.
Behold this impudent, poore, neglected post
How it gainst me, and gainst thy states doth bost,
Embasing thy great worth, neglecting mine,
As if the glorious Sunne did neuer shine,

Not

Nor his ſweete influence on vs let fall,
But that the Dial had ingroſt vp all.
When all the world knowes Thou wer't placed
The ſleepy *Hinde* vp to his worke to reare, (there
To call the *Scholer* to his booke, and wake
The *Theefe* which at thy ſhrill voice gins to ſhake.
Thou art the cheerefull daies *Embaſſader*
In whoſe praiſe once theſe lines compoſed were,

A crowned King, a compleat Knight,
An armed Captaine, fit to fight,
A plumed Courtier, fairely clad,
A Louer that was neuer ſad.
A Trumpeter, the houſe-wifes Mate,
Who riſeth early, ſleepeth late,
A Queriſter, the poore man Clocke,
All this is our braue weather-Cocke.

Pauſanias ſcribit Græcos gallum veneratos eſſe, vt Apollini ſacrum; Is enim cantu mane ſolis aduentum annunciat. Vin: Chart

This ſacred *Antheme* all the world doth ſing
To thee the Suns Birde, who doth tidings bring,
Of his approach & riſing; as for me
I heere was ſeated, next thee in degree
To giue thee eaſe, to tell the wondring people
What thou diſcouer'ſt from that lofty ſteeple,
The whil'ſt thou keep'ſt thy voyce for *Iubiles*,
And art for ſilence honour'd with large fees.
The *Dial* is my ward, firſt placed there
That Common *Perſons* who preſume not neere
Thy hallow'd throne, may haue intelligence
And learne from one the cloſe and hidden ſenſe
Of all thoſe characters, and not expound
As liſt themſelues, darke riddles, ſo profound
Nor contradict, nor yet correct by force,
According to the *Gnomon*, my true courſe,

But the falſe Gnomon rather to correct
By my aduice, whoſe courſe is ſtill direct.
Who knowes not, that the Sun in his round race,
Many degrees is gone from his firſt place,
And like a drunkard reeling to and fro,
With giddy ſteps doth ſhift his circles ſo,
That where he was euen now, he comes no more,
His courſe is all confuſde, behind's before?

The coppy that ſhould haue followed in this place, by miſchance was loſt; the Author being farre from London, we could not ſend ſo ſoone to him, as the haſte of the Booke required, which coppie we cannot haue till the next Impreſſion.

The promiſe which you boaſt, to haue the winde
Blow where you liſt, and alter when you minde,
Is falſe, and fooliſh; but 'twas promiſde ſtill
To blow and guide you right, if that you will.

And ſo it doth, ſo it doth others too,
If they conſent, not whether they will or no.
And whē they would the point and quarter know
Where it doth breathe, on me they looke; I ſhow
The truth to them and thee, if you looke right,
If not, you erre miſled by your owne ſight.
But how can'ſt thou others from error keepe
When as thy ſelfe foulded in error deepe,
Shun'ſt reformation, and wilt neither mind,
My graue directions, nor the powerfull wind.
I can remember, long before thou wert
When wiſe *Alcedo* ſtood where as thou art.
He calm'd all ſtormes, and pacified the wind,
To pacient ſufferance, bent his humble minde.
He to the fiſher, and the *Seaman* gaue
Directions, how their ſtorme-toſt *barke* to ſaue.
When by the *Lee-ſhore*, when to launch the *Maine*,
And when to lye at *Hull*, when to remaine
In harbour Anchor-faſt, and when to ſaile
With a full wind, and when againe to vaile.
How, where and when, to caſt their nets, and lay
Their hidden hookes, where all the skull do play.
Some of his kind, yet at each corner ſtand,
Phocas Who ſtill loue truth, in ſpite of thy cōmād: (there,
Their heads looke ſouth, becauſe the wind blowes
Thy taile ſtands ſouth, thy head the winde doth
Ill might hee fare that in *Alcedos* place, (feare.
Set thee, who ſpringeſt from a bloudy race.
His error, and thy pedigree behould
As it in ancient ſtory is inrould.
A trayt'rous *Slaue*, his *Maſter* hauing ſlaine
Did ſole Commander of the world remaine.

But

But whilst he slept; a chickin of that *Cocke*
Which *Cephas* check't when he denyde the rock,
And for'ct him to repent, to sigh, and weepe,
Did with his voyce the murtherer wake frō sleepe
And would not suffer him to rest in sinne,
But he would rouse his Conscience still within.
This *Murtherer*, a Cocke of kind did get,
And him to kill this kinder Cocke did set,
Whoe soone perform'd the taske he took in hand.
For *Chauntecleer* would suffer, not withstand.
He watchfull was and tended his vocation
To stirr vp others to their occupation:
He loued the pearle more then the barly corne.
To crow, aud not to quarrell he was borne.
Soe he was slaine, and slaine by one of those
From whence thy proud succession strangely rose
Who hight *Alectrion*, and whileeare had bin
The *Pander* vnto *Mars* and *Venus* sinne. (guard, Lucian.
And then, being Captaine of greate *Mars* his
Stood *Sentintel*. and kept hoth watch and ward
For feare that *Phœbus* all discouering eye
Should them vnwares at their stolne pleasure spie,
But ouert'ane with sleepe, he did not wake
Till *Vulcans* net did both the lechers take;
For with the angry *God* (in raged and *Mad*)
His sleepeing souldier, all in feathers c'lad,
His sword turnd spurres, himselfe a *Cocke* of kinde,
His armes and body chan'gde, but not his minde
That's bloody still, and too far prone to fight
Without respect of persons, cause, or right,
Else would he ne're haue beene so mad to kill
A harmeles *Cocke* who had no thought of ill,

Phocas hauing slaine Mauritius gaue the title of vniuersall Bishop to Boniface then Bishop of Rome.

But him he falsely slue, and hauing slaine
Did for this murther, of a murtherer gaine
Too great perferment, to beset vp heere
In tryumph, t'ouersee all far and neere:
To be ador'de with vniuersall praise
And triple crownd with *Oliue, Oke, and Bayes.*
Him thou succeed'st both in thy minde and place,
An armed Champion, of that iron race,
A Souldier, none of his whose badge thou bear'st.
But rather one of his whose crowne thou wear'st.
Thy narrow heeles are sharpe, thy tounge is short.
To preye, and not to prayer fit t'exhort.
Thou wilt not crow to rouse the world from sleepe,
But with thy silent charmes, it drunken keepe.

The crosse. Omnia hæc tibi Dabo. Math. 4. 9.

Seruus Seruorum.

When thou most seruant-like thy head dost beare
Downe to the grownd, then *Cocks* their crownes
Thou seek'st a fained quarel thē to pick, (may feare.
And wilt with both wings mount, with both heles
At euery feather come, stab either spur (strick,
Vp to the hilts, and furiously besturr
Thy ready parts, t'attaine thy bloudy end,
And all the world to thy owne scope to bend.
Thou trumpet'st warrs and curses ouer all,
And ouer-crowes, but wilt not crow to call
Thy selfe and others of thy ranke, and place,
From looking on the Earth, to view the face
Of the al-searching *Sunne*, and by his light
To measure truly what is wronge and right.

Culpas huius redarguere præsumit mortalium nullus.

The *Cock* is kild that *Peter* causde to weepe,
The *Petrean Pastor* now may safely sleepe:
Sleepe though he hath denied his master too,
For none t'admonish him hath ought to do.

Craue

Crauen awake, behold how I deride
Thy mutability, thy sloth, thy pride.
Thou stand'st where he stood who claim'd all the (world,
And shalt with him from that steepe height bee (hurld.
About thy head each prating bird ꝑ perks,
Dare take the name and place of learned *Clerkes*,
And vnto royall Eagles offer lawes,
When each eye sees, they are but iangling dawes.
And though all lyons in the desart feare,
And crouch whē they thy crowing voice do heare:
Our lyon scornes thee, when he heares thee crow;
And with his roring voyce the world doth show,
How poore thou art, how cowardly, how weake,
Who shak'st and trembleſt when thou heareſt him (speak.
And yet how proud art thou, t'vsurp a place
Of iudgement ouer me, in this dark case,
And to prefer the *Clocke* for want of wit,
When I should be the iudge of that and it?
The *Sexton* comes, hee'le mend all this anone.
With that the angry *Clocke* in rage strooke one.
The *Sexton* came indeede, and one did tell,
Look't on the *Diall*, saw all was not well.
For that said twelue, the *Clocke* said one and past.
He took the waits off, which caus'd too much hast,
Suruaide the wheeles, for there the fault might be,
And found some cog supply the place of three.
Some wheels were taken off, and borne to Court,
To trundle vp and downe, and there make sport.
And some with dust, and rust, were duld and foild,
And some stood vseleſſe, so the Clock was spoild.
Which to reform he mends the wheels forthwith,
Files, oyles, and beates them throughly on a stith:

Diobolus stetit super pinnas Templi. Matth. 4. 5.

Makes weights and wyers fitt, then by the Sunne
Setts the new course, which it doth truly runne.
Then going vp the steeples top, he spies
The weather cocke how palpably it lies.
For at each Corner the Kings-fishers stood
Full South, and that the *Dial* proued good.
But the fond weather *Cocke* (being weather wise)
From the *Calme* blast turned his scornefull eyes.
The Sexten tooke him downe, & straight did see
An easie way how he might mended be. (combes
His head was too too great, with three crownde
Which euer whē the wine blew turnd him round.
His taile was too too weake, when euery feather
Was bent with storms, & brokē with the weather.
The sexten cut his Crownes, and gaue more saile
With them and with the spurs vnto his tayle.
He humbled now in habite, looke and mind,
He waites with due obedience on the winde,
Knowes his high place was not to rule, but serue,
And meanes no more from this strict course to
This tale no morral needs, it is not darke; (swerue
But points a worke fit for our learned *Clarke*
Who by the *Dyall* may reforme the *Clock*
And by kings fishers turne the weather *Cock*.
Wee haue the winde to helpe vs and the Sunne,
And works are halfe accomplisht when begun.
Then who'le begin? who is on our side, who?
Where words, wind, writings faile, resolue to *Doe*.

Epymithium

Principium plus est quam dimidium totius Arist: L. 5. Pol.

2. Kings. 9. 32.

TO

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY, HENRY DOILE, Esquire.

THE folly which in man with wit is fixt,
Must needs haue pleasant things with wholsome (mixt;
Else Nature loaths it. Homers *Frogs and Mise*
Instructs Achilles: Virgil *is not nice*
To tune an Oten pipe. These toies I send:
Accept; to please, and profit is my end.

Sic paruis Componere magna solebam.
Virgi.

SATYRA AVLICA.

WHO (wearie of contentfull Countries rest)
Repaires to Court, with patience had best
Forearme himselfe, both *Fate* and *Fortune* proofe
'Gainst all assaults, or wisely stand aloofe:
For plainenesse is despisde, and honesty
Is fellow Shakerag with simplicity.
To be a Scholler, is to be a foole:
Rude impudency is the Courtiers Schoole.
Arts are but Lackyes to attend and waite
On Ignorance, Apparance, and Deceite.
Canst thou seeme wise? Enough. This followes (then,
Vizards haue fayrer vizages then men.

To

To be a Souldier is to be a ſlaue,
Danger abroad, reproch at home to haue.
Deepe furrow'd wounds freſh bleeding in the wars
Findes leſſe reliefe and pity then the ſcars (skin,
Of muskey courtiers, when their ſmooth ſlike
Is bramble-ſcratched with a Ladies pinne.
Nor doe they now (as er'ſt they did) delight,
The ſtubborne *Steedes* to mannage to the fight;
To tilt and turnay with ſtrong ſtaues of oake,
To fight at barriars with a *Brandons* ſtroake,
To dance in compleat armour, (but alas!)
To tilt, fight, dance, and turnay with a laſſe.
The *Scholerſhip* they vſe, is to diſcourſe
Of my Lords bloud-hound, & his Honors horſe:
To tell how well the one purſued the chaſe,
The other ſwiftly ranne a luſtie race.
Or if more high their heauie wits aſpire,
It's to diſpute of luſt, and looſe deſire.
Their Soulderie is ſwaggering in the Court,
Where none may ſtrike the vrger but in ſport:
To offer ſtrangers, ſtrange and foule diſgraces,
Preſuming on their priuiledged places.
Which ofttimes is repaid them, when they come
Abroad frō court, they'r welcom'd like Iack drum.
Their idle houres, I meane all houres beſide
Their houres to eate, to drinke, drab, ſleepe & ride,
They ſpend at ſhoue-boord, or at pennie pricke,
At dice, cards, tennis; or they will not ſticke
Rather then not be idle, to delay
At ſhittle cocke the pretious time away.
O ſlaues! regard what ſlander doth ariſe
From your effeminate ſlow cowardiſe.

Haue

Haue you no Soules? no pens? no ſwords in hand?
Behold where curſed *Mahomet* doth ſtand,
Triumphing or'e the Croſſe; the Iew beſide
And *Heathen* doe our holy faith deride.
For *ſhame* vnſheath your ſwords, let not reproch
Your ſluggiſh eaſe in forraine kingdomes broch.
Caſt painted *Puppets* from your yeelding neckes
And ſcorn to ſtoope whē the ſtale *Strumpet* becks:
Let ſtallians ſerue to quench the ſcorching heate
Of ſuch as marrow, oyſters, Ringoes eate.
You that are Scholers, ſouldiers, or ſuch men
Whoſe ſoules ſeeke knowledg, flee this ſhady den
Of ignorance, let thither none reſort
But Taylors, Bauds, Perfumers, fooles for ſport:
Cookes, Painters, Barbers, Fidlers; theſe may hap
To ſleepe in fortunes net, and honors lap.
In honors lap? auaunt baſe dunghill groomes,
You are but ſhadowes honors: lofty roomes
Muſt be ſupplide with men. Though *Iſis Aſſe*
Thinke men adore his greatnes as they paſſe,
Yet *Iſis* knowes tis falſe; then hence be gone
And let deſert be honored alone.
Fortune vſurpe no more, permit not fooles
To triumph ouer Souldiers, Arts, and Schooles.
Let not the wit for higher actions able,
Attend for ſcraps at *Ignoramus* table.
Faire *Cynthia* fill thy horne, at length ariſe
And chaſe theſe blacke clouds from our troubled
(skies.

AN

AN IRISH BANQVET, OR THE *Mayors feast of Youghall.*

TAles many haue been told by men of yore,
Of Giants, Dragons, and of halfe a score
Worthyes saue one, of Castles, Kings and Knights,
Of Ladies loues, of Turnaies, and such sights
As *Mandeuile* ne're saw; yet none like this
Which my Muse howles: then listen what is is.
[a] *Saturne* grew old, and the Gods did agree,
That [b] *Ioue* should him depriue of Soueraigntie,
And become chiefe himselfe. A solemne day
Appointed was, when all the [c] Gods most gay,
Attyrde in mantles fayer, and truses strange,
Came to behold the Lecher-like lou'd change.
The frie of all the Gods was there beside,
And each his Bastard had, his Whore and Bride.
The milk-white path that to *Ioues* Pallace leades,
In comely order all this rich troope treades.
[d] *Ceres* threw Wheate vpon *Ioues* face most dainty,
Presaging and forespeaking future plenty.
The well-instructed swine did follow after,
And for the Wheat left something that was softer,
[e] Ciuet, like Irish sope. Sweet naturde beasts,
Fit waiters at such ciuill solemne feasts.
At length the traine reach't the high Hall of *Ioue*.
The Gods sat downe, the [f] Goddesses then stroue
For place and state: but [*] *Iuno* most demurely, (ly,
Plac'de and displac'de that day, as pleasde her sure-

9 VVorthies.

a The old Maior.
b New Maior.
c Aldermen.

d An old wife.

e Smell out the meaning.

f Aldermenswiues.
* Mistres Maiores.

The

The tables stood full crownde with dainty dishes,
Enough to satisfie the idle wishes (sickly,
Of longing Wiues, or Maides growne greene and
With eating fruite, and doing nothing quickly.
Huge [h] hands of butter not yet fully blew,
With quiuering custards of a doubtfull hue.
Stewde prunes, and bread that passeth Malahane.
And hony sweeter farre then sugar cane.
Greene Apples and such plenty of small Nuts,
That therewith safely one might fill his guts,
Though he were sure, the Cooks were Irish sluts.
The goblets sweld with pride, themselues to see,
So full of French and Spanish wines to bee.
Nectar like Vsqua-bath or Aqua-vitæ. (mighty
And brown Ale grown in yeers and strength most
Was there as plentifull as [k] Bonniclabbar,
That euery guest his cleane-lickt lips might slab-
In full satiety, till they were crownde (bar
VVith *Bacchus* wreathes, & in still slũber drownde.
The fidling [l] Spheres made musicke all the while.
And riming [m] Bardes braue meeter did compile
To grace this feast: VVhen [n] *Phœbus* standing vp
Tooke in his greasie fist a greasier cup
And drunke to *Paphnes* health. *Bacchus* replide
And straight way quaft another to the bride
Of *Mulciber*. This health past all along.
Then *Mars* his feather wagde amongst the throng
Carowsing *Pallas* health (braue wench and wise)
VVhich draught cost bonny [o] *Cupid* both his eies,
Straining to pledge it. *Maias* sonne stood still,
And slily mark't how *Ganimed* did fill
The seuerall healthes, which swiftly past arownd

h So they call their butter cakes

i Bread of cruds.

k Common Irish drink.

l Two fidlers and a blind boy with a bagpipe.

m Their Poet Chroniclers.

n One of the Aldermen.

o The Fidlers boy.

Till

Till all the Gods, and Goddesses had bound
p Their brows with wreaths of iuy leaues & vine
And each his forehead to his knee enclines.
q *Apollo* then slipt thence, and being halfe drunk
His burning bonnet doft, and slyly sunke
His head in *Thetis* lap. So heauen lost light,
And cheereful day was damp't with irksom night
r *Ioue* yet disposde to mirth, bad *Iuno* spread
Her Starry mantle or'e the worlds black head.
But s she inrag'de with plumpe *Lyeus* iuice,
And mad with iealousie, without excuse
Refusde to guild the then vnspangled sky
With th'eyes of *Argus* her cow-keeping spie.
t And aided by necessitie and fate,
And all the shrewder Goddesses, *Ioues* state
She durst assume, and boldly presse as farre
As all the Gyants in their ciuill warre.
They first bound *Ioue*, then all the other Gods,
Who were constrain'd by darknes, drink & th'odds
Of this conspiracie, to condescend
To hard conditions for a quiet end.
u *Ioue* granted *Iuno* power of all the aire,
Her frowne or smile makes weather fowle or faire.
His thunderbolts and lightning she may take,
And with her tong the worlds firme axtree shake.
From hence do women their free charter hold,
To rule gainst reason, or else cry and scold.
Proserpina obtained of her *Pluto*,
That such shold only speed, who she-saints sue to:
That all affaires of man in state or purse
His wife should sway, or women that are worse.
From whence this custom springs in town & city,

p They were almost all drunke.
q The Sun went down.
r Master Maior cald to his wife for candles.
s She was drunke and would none.
t She tooke Master Maior a box on the eare.
u Mistris Maioris might doe what she would.

The

The wife growes rich, the bankerout begs for pity.
Venus got leaue to lye with all that loue her.
And that no sawcy god should once reproue her:
That *Mars* and she might dally, whilst *Don Vulcan*
Should freely to their pleasures drinke a full can.
Frō whēce this vse proceeds, ꝑ wiues once wātons
Wage seruāts, as the French the Swizzers Cantōs.
You that are Statists looke vnto this geare,
Do not *Tyrone* and his rash striplings feare:
Feare not *Tirconnel*, nor those *Galliglasses*
That cut, and hack, and carue men as it passes:
Feare those which al these feare, those fathers holy
Which make ꝑ whole world their sole monopoly;
That crowne and vncrowne Kings, when as they please,
Play fast and loose like iuglers with slight ease;
Dissolue al othes, though made with hand & hart,
And pardon all sinnes, [x] yea an Irish fart.
Feare these, & [y] those they ioine with, lest too late
We finde our Ile an Amazonian state,
Where none but women, Priests & Cocknies keep
As close as young [z] *Papirius*, and as deepe,
And none but these state mysteries may know,
Lest they to more fooles thē thēselues shold show
The * treasons, stratagems, and ∴ golden fables
Which are proiected at their councell tables.
If this aduice be good, cry, *Ioue* be thanked,
And with that short grace close my Irish banquet.

x The eight deadly sin, and more shunned of the Irishmen then the other seuen.
y Their crosses, their wiues.
His historie is well knowne.

* They plot and consult on nothing else. ∴ Stories out of the Legend, which they beleeue aboue Gods Word.

FINIS.

Rev. 10 Dec' 17. 8
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